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TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

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TRAVELS

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

CONTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON

CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, GOVERNMENT, || POLICE, COMMERCE, ARTS, AND ANTIQUITIES;

With a particular DESCRIPTION of the

TOWN, TERRITORY, and CLIMATE of NICE:

To which is added,

A Regiſter of the Weather, kept during a Reſidence of Eighteen Months in that City.

Tobias George

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

Ut Homo qui erranti comiter monſtrat viam,
Quaſi lumen de ſuo lumine accendat, facit:
Nihilominus ipſi luceat, cum illi accenderit. ENNIUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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LETTER XXV.

Nice, January 1, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT was in deference to your opinion, reinforced by my own inclination, and the repeated advice of other friends, that I reſolved upon my late excurſion to Italy. I could plainly perceive from the anxious ſolliciſtude, and preſſing exhortations contained in all the letters I had lately received from my correſpondents in Britain, that you had all deſpaired of my recovery. You adviſed me to make a pilgrimage among the Alps, and the advice was good. In ſcrambling among thoſe mountains, I ſhould have benefited by the exerciſe, and at the ſame time have

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breathed a cool, pure, ſalubrious air, which, in all probability, would have expelled the ſlow fever ariſing in a great meaſure from the heat of this climate. But, I wanted a companion and fellow-traveller, whoſe converſation and ſociety could alleviate the horrors of ſolitude. Beſides, I was not ſtrong enough to encounter the want of conveniencies, and even of neceſſaries to which I muſt have been expoſed in the courſe of ſuch an expedition. My worthy friend Dr. A—— earneſtly intreated me to try the effect of a ſea-voyage, which you know has been found of wonderful effecacy in conſumptive caſes. After ſome deliberation, I reſolved upon the ſcheme, which I have now happily executed. I had a moſt eager curioſity to ſee the antiquities of Florence and Rome: I longed impatiently to view thoſe wonderful edifices, ſtatues, and pictures, which I had ſo often admired in prints and deſcriptions. I felt an enthuſiaſtic ardor to tread that very claſſical ground which had been the ſcene of ſo many great atchievements; and I could not bear the thought of returning to England from the very ſkirts of Italy, without having penetrated to the capi-

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tal of that renowned country. With regard to my health, I knew I could manage matters ſo as to enjoy all the benefits that could be expected from the united energy of a voyage by ſea, a journey by land, and a change of climate.

Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles diſtant from Nice, and one half of the way I was reſolved to travel by water. Indeed there is no other way of going from hence to Genoa, unleſs you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the riſque of breaking your neck every minute. The Appenine mountains, which are no other than a continuation of the maritime Alps, form an almoſt continued precipice from Villefranche to Lerici, which is almoſt forty-five miles on the other ſide of Genoa; and as they are generally waſhed by the ſea, there is no beach or ſhore, conſequently the road is carried along the face of the rocks, except at certain ſmall intervals, which are occupied by towns and villages. But, as there is a road for mules and foot paſſengers, it might certainly be enlarged and improved ſo as to render it

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practicable by chaiſes and other wheel-carriages, and a toll might be exacted, which in a little time would defray the expence: for certainly no perſon who travels to Italy, from England, Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troubleſome circuit to paſs the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going poſt by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the ſide of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the ſea affords the moſt agreeable and amazing proſpect I ever beheld. What pity it is, they cannot reſtore the celebrated *Via Aurelia*, mentioned in the Itinerarium of Antoninus, which extended from Rome by the way of Genoa, and through this country as far as Arles upon the Rhone. It was ſaid to have been made by the emperor Marcus Aurelius; and ſome of the veſtiges of it are ſtill to be ſeen in Provence. The truth is, the nobility of Genoa, who are all merchants, from a low, ſelfiſh, and abſurd policy, take all methods to keep their ſubjects of the Riviera in poverty and dependence. With this view, they carefully avoid all ſteps towards rendering that country acceſſible

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ceſſible by land; and at the ſame time diſcourage their trade by ſea, leſt it ſhould interfere with the commerce of their capital, in which they themſelves are perſonally concerned.

Thoſe who either will not or cannot bear the ſea, and are equally averſe to riding, may be carried in a common chair, provided with a foot-board, on men's ſhoulders: this is the way of travelling practiſed by the ladies of Nice, in croſſing the mountains to Turin; but it is very tedious and expenſive, as the men muſt be often relieved.

The moſt agreeable carriage from hence to Genoa, is a feluca, or open boat, rowed by ten or twelve ſtout mariners. Though none of theſe boats belong to Nice, they are to be found every day in our harbour, waiting for a fare to Genoa; and they are ſeen paſſing and repaſſing continually, with merchandize or paſſengers, between Marſeilles, Antibes, and the Genoeſe territories. A feluca is large enough to take in a poſt-chaiſe; and there is a tilt over the ſtern-ſheets, where the paſſengers ſit, to protect them from the rain: between the ſeats one perſon may lie commo-

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diouſly upon a mattraſs, which is commonly ſupplied by the patron. A man in good health may put up with any thing; but I would adviſe every valetudinarian who travels this way, to provide his own chaiſe, mattraſs, and bed-linnen, otherwiſe he will paſs his time very uncomfortably. If you go as a ſimple paſſenger in a feluca, you pay about a loui'dore for your place, and you muſt be intirely under the direction of the patron, who, while he can bear the ſea, will proſecute his voyage by night as well as by day, and expoſe you to many other inconveniencies: but for eight zequines, or four loui'dores, you can have a whole feluca to yourſelf, from Nice to Genoa, and the maſter ſhall be obliged to put a ſhore every evening. If you would have it ſtill more at you command, you may hire it at ſo much per day and in that caſe, go on ſhore as often, and ſtay as long as you pleaſe. This is the method I ſhould take, were I to make the voyage again; for I am perſuaded I ſhould find it very near as cheap, and much more agreeable than any other.

The diſtance between this place and Genoa, when meaſured on the carte, does not exceed ninety

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ninety miles: but the people of the felucas inſiſt upon its being one hundred and twenty. If they creep along ſhore round the bottoms of all the bays, this computation may be true: but, except when the ſea is rough, they ſtretch directly from one head-land to another, and even when the wind is contrary, provided the gale is not freſh, they perform the voyage in two days and a half, by dint of rowing: when the wind is favourable, they will ſail it eaſily in fourteen hours.

A man, who has nothing but expedition in view, may go with the courier, who has always a light boat well manned, and will be glad to accommodate a traveller for a reaſonable gratification. I know an Engliſh gentleman who always travels with the courier in Italy, both by ſea and land. In poſting by land, he is always ſure of having part of a good calaſh, and the beſt horſes that can be found; and as the expence of both is defrayed by the public, it coſts him nothing but a preſent to his companion, which does not amount to one fourth part of the expence he would incur by travelling alone. Theſe

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opportunities may be had every week in all the towns of Italy.

For my own part, I hired a gondola from hence to Genoa. This is a boat ſmaller than a feluca, rowed by four men, and ſteered by the patron; but the price was nine zequines, rather more than I ſhould have payed for a feluca of ten oars. I was aſſured that being very light, it would make great way; and the maſter was particularly recommended to me, as an honeſt man and an able mariner. I was accompanied in this voyage by my wife and Miſs C—, together with one Mr. R——, a native of Nice, whom I treated with the jaunt, in hopes that as he was acquainted with the cuſtoms of the country, and the different ways of travelling in it, he would ſave us much trouble, and ſome expence: but I was much diſappointed. Some perſons at Nice offered to lay wagers that he would return by himſelf from Italy; but they were alſo diſappointed.

We embarked in the beginning of September, attended by one ſervant. The heats, which render travelling dangerous in Italy, begin to abate at this ſeaſon. The weather

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was extremely agreeable; and if I had poſtponed my voyage a little longer, I foreſaw that I ſhould not be able to return before winter; in which caſe I might have found the ſea too rough, and the weather too cold for a voyage of one hundred and thirty-five miles in an open boat.

Having therefore provided myſelf with a proper paſs, ſigned and ſealed by our conſul, as well as with letters of recommendation from him to the Engliſh conſuls at Genoa and Leghorn, a precaution which I would adviſe all travellers to take, in caſe of meeting with accidents on the road, we went on board about ten in the morning, ſtopped about half an hour at a friend's country-houſe in the bay of St. Hoſpice, and about noon entered the harbour of Monaco, where the patron was obliged to pay toll, according to the regulation which I have explained in a former letter. This ſmall town, containing about eight or nine hundred ſouls, beſides the garriſon, is built on a rock which projects into the ſea, and makes a very romantic appearance. The prince's palace ſtands in the moſt conſpicuous part, with a walk of trees before

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before it. The apartments are elegantly furniſhed, and adorned with ſome good pictures. The fortifications are in good repair, and the place is garriſoned by two French battalions. The preſent prince of Monaco is a Frenchman, ſon of the duke de Matignon, who married the heireſs of Monaco, whoſe name was Grimaldi. The harbour is well ſheltered from the wind; but has not water ſufficient to admit veſſels of any great burthen. Towards the north, the king of Sardinia's territories extend to within a mile of the gate; but the prince of Monaco can go upon his own ground along ſhore about five or ſix miles to the eaſtward, as far as Menton, another ſmall town, which alſo belongs to him, and is ſituated on the ſea-ſide. His revenues are computed at a million of French livres, amounting to ſomething more than forty thouſand pounds ſterling: but, the principality of Monaco, conſiſting of three ſmall towns, and an inconſiderable tract of barren rock, is not worth above ſeven thouſand a year; the reſt ariſes from his French eſtate. This conſiſts partly of the dutchy of Matignon, and partly of the duchy of Valentinois, which

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which laſt was given to the anceſtors of this prince of Monaco, in the year 1640, by the French king, to make up the loſs of ſome lands in the kingdom of Naples, which were confiſcated when he expelled the Spaniſh garriſon from Monaco, and threw himſelf into the arms of France: ſo that he is duke of Valentinois as well as of Matignon, in that kingdom. He lives almoſt conſtantly in France; and has taken the name and arms of Grimaldi.

The Genoeſe territories begin at Ventimiglia, another town lying on the coaſt, at the diſtance of twenty miles from Nice, a circumſtance from which it borrows the name. Having paſſed the towns of Monaco, Menton, Ventimiglia, and ſeveral other places of leſs conſequence that lie along this coaſt, we turned the point of St. Martin with a favourable breeze, and might have proceeded twenty miles further before night: but the women began to be ſick, as well as afraid at the roughneſs of the water; Mr. R—— was ſo diſcompoſed, that he privately deſired the patron to put aſhore at St. Remo, on pretence that we ſhould not find a tolerable auberge in any other

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other place between this and Noli, which was at the diſtance of forty miles. We accordingly landed, and were conducted to the poſte, which our gondeliere aſſured us was the beſt auberge in the whole Riviera of Genoa. We aſcended by a dark, narrow, ſteep ſtair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, ſo dirty and miſerable, that it would diſgrace the worſt hedge ale-houſe in England. Not a ſoul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one muſt not expect to meet with in France; far leſs in Italy. Our patron going into the kitchen, aſked a ſervant if the company could have lodging in the houſe; and was anſwered, "he could not tell: the patron was not at home." When he deſired to know where the patron was, the other anſwered, "he was gone to take the air." *E andato a paſſeggiare.* In the mean time, we were obliged to ſit in the common room among watermen and muleteers. At length the landlord arrived, and gave us to underſtand, that he could accommodate us with chambers. In that where I lay, there was juſt room for two beds, without curtains or bedſtead, an old rotten table covered with dried

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dried figs, and a couple of crazy chairs. The walls had been once white-washed: but were now hung with cobwebs, and speckled with dirt of all sorts; and I believe the brick-floor had not been swept for half a century. We supped in an outward room suitable in all respects to the chamber, and fared villainously. The provision was very ill-dressed, and served up in the most slovenly manner. You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation I payed as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy.

Next day, the wind was so high that we could not prosecute our voyage, so that we were obliged to pass other four and twenty hours in this comfortable situation. Luckily Mr. R—— found two acquaintances in the place; one a Franciscan monk, a jolly fellow; and the other a *maestro di capella*, who sent a spinnet to the inn, and entertained us agreeably with his voice and performance, in both of which accomplishments he excelled. The padre was very good humoured, and favoured us with a letter of recommen-

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commendation to a friend of his, a profeſſor in the univerſity of Piſa. You would laugh to ſee the hyperbolical terms in which he mentioned your humble ſervant: but Italy is the native country of hyperbole.

St. Remo is a pretty conſiderable town, well-built upon the declivity of a gently riſing hill, and has a harbour capable of receiving ſmall veſſels, a good number of which are built upon the beach: but ſhips of any burden are obliged to anchor in the bay, which is far from being ſecure. The people of St. Remo form a ſmall republic, which is ſubject to Genoa. They enjoyed particular privileges, till the year 1753, when in conſequence of a new gabelle upon ſalt, they revolted: but this effort in behalf of liberty did not ſucceed. They were ſoon reduced by the Genoeſe, who deprived them of all their privileges, and built a fort by the ſea-ſide, which ſerves the double purpoſe of defending the harbour and over-awing the town. The garriſon at preſent does not exceed two hundred men. The inhabitants are ſaid to have lately ſent a deputation to Ratiſbon, to crave the protection of the diet of the empire.

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There is very little plain ground in this neighbourhood; but the hills are covered with oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and olives, which produce a conſiderable traffic in fine fruit and excellent oil. The women of St. Remo are much more handſome and better tempered than thoſe of Provence. They have in general good eyes, with open ingenuous countenances. Their dreſs, though remarkable, I cannot deſcribe; but upon the whole, they put me in mind of ſome portraits I have ſeen, repreſenting the females of Georgia and Mingrelia.

On the third day, the wind being abated, though ſtill unfavourable, we reimbarked and rowed along ſhore, paſſing by Porto-mauricio, and Oneglia; then turning the promontory called Capo di Melle, we proceeded by Albenga, Finale, and many other places of inferior note. Porto-mauricio is ſeated on a rock waſhed by the ſea, but indifferently fortified, with an inconſiderable harbour, which none but very ſmall veſſels can enter. About two miles to the eaſtward is Oneglia, a ſmall town with ſome fortifications, lying along the open beach, and belonging to the king of

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Sardinia. This ſmall territory abounds with olive-trees, which produce a conſiderable quantity of oil, counted the beſt of the whole Riviera. Albenga is a ſmall town, the ſee of a biſhop, ſuffragan to the archbiſhop of Genoa. It lies upon the ſea, and the country produces a great quantity of hemp. Finale is the capital of a marquiſate belonging to the Genoeſe, which has been the ſource of much trouble to the republic; and indeed was the ſole cauſe of their rupture with the king of Sardinia and the houſe of Auſtria in the year 1745. The town is pretty well built; but the harbour is ſhallow, open, and unſafe: nevertheleſs, they build a good number of tartans and other veſſels on the beach; and the neighbouring country abounds with oil and fruit, particularly with thoſe excellent apples called *pomi carli*, which I have mentioned in a former letter.

In the evening we reached the Capo di Noli, counted very dangerous in blowing weather. It is a very high perpendicular rock or mountain waſhed by the ſea, which has eaten into it in divers places, ſo as to form a great number of caverns. It extends about

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about a couple of miles, and in ſome parts is indented into little creeks or bays, where there is a narrow margin of ſandy beach between it and the water. When the wind is high, no feluca will attempt to paſs it; even in a moderate breeze, the waves daſhing againſt the rocks and caverns, which echo with the ſound, make ſuch an awful noiſe, and at the ſame time occaſion ſuch a rough ſea, as one cannot hear, and ſee, and feel, without a ſecret horror.

On this ſide of the Cape, there is a beautiful ſtrand cultivated like a garden; the plantations extend to the very tops of the hills, interſperſed with villages, caſtles, churches, and villas. Indeed the whole Riviera is ornamented in the ſame manner, except in ſuch places as admit of no building nor cultivation.

Having paſſed the Cape, we followed the winding of the coaſt, into a ſmall bay, and arrived at the town of Noli, where we propoſed to paſs the night. You will be ſurprized that we did not go aſhore ſooner, in order to take ſome refreſhment; but the truth is, we had a proviſion of ham, tongues,

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roaſted pullets, cheeſe, bread, wine, and fruit, in the feluca, where we every day enjoyed a ſlight repaſt about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. This I mention as a neceſſary piece of information to thoſe who may be inclined to follow the ſame route. We likewiſe found it convenient to lay in ſtore of *l'eau de vie*, or brandy, for the uſe of the rowers, who always expect to ſhare your comforts. On a meagre day, however, thoſe ragamuffins will rather die of hunger than ſuffer the leaſt morſel of fleſh-meat to enter their mouths. I have frequently tried the experiment, by preſſing them to eat ſomething *gras*, on a Friday or Saturday: but they always declined it with marks of abhorrence, crying, *Dio me ne libere!* God deliver me from it! or ſome other words to that effect. I moreover obſerved, that not one of thoſe fellows ever ſwore an oath, or ſpoke an indecent word. They would by no means put to ſea, of a morning, before they had heard maſs; and when the wind was unfavourable, they always ſet out with a hymn to the Bleſſed Virgin, or St. Elmo, keeping time with their oars as they ſung. I have indeed remarked all over this country, that a man

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man who tranſgreſſes the inſtitutions of the church in theſe ſmall matters, is much more infamous than one who has committed the moſt flagrant crimes againſt nature and morality. A murderer, adulterer, or ſ—m—te, will obtain eaſy abſolution from the church, and even find favour with ſociety; but a man who eats a pidgeon on a Saturday, without expreſs licence, is avoided and abhorred, as a monſter of reprobation. I have converſed with ſeveral intelligent perſons on the ſubject; and have reaſon to believe, that a delinquent of this ſort is conſidered as a luke-warm catholic, little better than a heretic; and of all crimes they look upon hereſy as the moſt damnable.

Noli is a ſmall republic of fiſhermen ſubject to Genoa; but very tenacious of their privileges. The town ſtands on the beach, tolerably well built, defended by a caſtle ſituated on a rock above it; and the harbour is of little conſequence. The auberge was ſuch as made us regret even the inn we had left at St. Remo. After a very odd kind of ſupper, which I cannot pretend to deſcribe, we retired to our repoſe: but I had not been

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in bed five minutes, when I felt ſomething crawling on different parts of my body, and taking a light to examine, perceived above a dozen large bugs. You muſt know I have the ſame kind of antipathy to theſe vermin, that ſome perſons have to a cat or breaſt of veal. I ſtarted up immediately, and wrapping myſelf in a great coat, ſick as I was, laid down in the outer room upon a cheſt, where I continued till morning.

One would imagine that in a mountainous country like this, there ſhould be plenty of goats; and indeed, we ſaw many flocks of them feeding among the rocks, yet we could not procure half a pint of milk for our tea, if we had given the weight of it in gold. The people here have no idea of uſing milk, and when you aſk them for it, they ſtand gaping with a fooliſh face of ſurprize, which is exceedingly provoking. It is amazing that inſtinct does not teach the peaſants to feed their children with goat's milk, ſo much more nouriſhing and agreeable than the wretched ſuſtenance on which they live. Next day we rowed by Vado and Savona, which laſt is a large town, with a ſtrong citadel, and a har-

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bour, which was formerly capable of receiving large ſhips: but it fell a ſacrifice to the jealouſy of the Genoeſe, who have partly choaked it up, on pretence that it ſhould not afford ſhelter to the ſhips of war belonging to thoſe ſtates which might be at enmity with the republic.

Then we paſſed Albiſola, Seſtri di Ponente, Novi, Voltri, and a great number of villages, villas, and magnificent palaces belonging to the Genoeſe nobility, which form almoſt a continued chain of buildings along the ſtrand for thirty miles.

About five in the afternoon, we ſkirted the fine ſuburbs of St. Petro D'arena, and arrived at Genoa, which makes a dazzling appearance when viewed from the ſea, riſing like an amphitheatre in a circular form, from the water's edge, a conſiderable way up the mountains, and ſurrounded on the land ſide by a double wall, the moſt exterior of which is ſaid to extend fifteen miles in circuit. The firſt object that ſtrikes your eye at a diſtance, is a very elegant pharos, or light-houſe, built on the projection of a rock on the weſt ſide of the harbour, ſo very high, that, in a clear

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day, you may ſee it at the diſtance of thirty miles. Turning the light-houſe point, you find yourſelf cloſe to the mole, which forms the harbour of Genoa. It is built at a great expence from each ſide of the bay, ſo as to form in the ſea two long magnificent jettés, which if continued, would meet. At the extremity of each is another ſmaller lanthorn. Theſe moles are both provided with braſs-cannon, and between them is the entrance into the harbour. But this is ſtill ſo wide as to admit a great ſea, which, when the wind blows hard from ſouth and ſouth weſt, is very troubleſome to the ſhipping. Within the mole there is a ſmaller harbour or wet dock, called *Darſena*, for the gallies of the republic. We paſſed through a conſiderable number of ſhips and veſſels lying at anchor, and landing at the water-gate, repaired to an inn called *La Croix de Malthe*, in the neighbourhood of the harbour. Here we met with ſuch good entertainment as prepoſſeſſed us in favour of the interior parts of Italy, and contributed with other motives to detain us ſome days in this city. But, I have detained you ſo long, that I believe you wiſh I may proceed

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ceed no farther; and therefore I take my leave for the preſent, being very ſincerely,

Yours.

LETTER XXVI.

Nice, January 15, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IT is not without reaſon that Genoa is called *La ſuperba.* The city itſelf is very ſtately; and the nobles are very proud. Some few of them may be proud of their wealth: but, in general, their fortunes are very ſmall. My friend Mr. R—— aſſured me that many Genoeſe noblemen had fortunes of half a million of livres *per annum:* but the truth is, the whole revenue of the ſtate does not exceed this ſum; and the livre of Genoa is but about nine pence ſterling. There are about half a dozen of their nobles who have ten thouſand a year: but the majority have not above a twentieth part of that ſum. They live with great parſimony in their families;

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and wear nothing but black in public; ſo that their expences are but ſmall. If a Genoeſe nobleman gives an entertainment once a quarter, he is ſaid to live upon the fragments all the reſt of the year. I was told that one of them lately treated his friends, and left the entertainment to the care of his ſon, who ordered a diſh of fiſh that coſt a zechine, which is equal to about ten ſhillings ſterling. The old gentleman no ſooner ſaw it appear on the table, than unable to ſuppreſs his concern, he burſt into tears, and exclaimed, *Ah Figliuolo indegno! Siamo in Rovina! Siamo in precipizio!*

I think the pride or oſtentation of the Italians in general takes a more laudable turn than that of other nations. A Frenchman lays out his whole revenue upon tawdry ſuits of cloaths, or in furniſhing a magnificent *repas* of fifty or a hundred diſhes, one half of which are not eatable, nor intended to be eaten. His wardrobe goes to the *fripier*; his diſhes to the dogs, and himſelf to the devil, and after his deceaſe no veſtige of him remains. A Genoeſe, on the other hand, keeps himſelf and his family at ſhort allowance,

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ance, that he may ſave money to build palaces and churches, which remain to after-ages ſo many monuments of his taſte, piety, and munificence; and in the mean time give employment and bread to the poor and induſtrious. There are ſome Genoeſe nobles who have each five or ſix elegant palaces magnificently furniſhed, either in the city, or in different parts of the Riviera. The two ſtreets called *Strada Balbi* and *Strada Nuova*, are continued double ranges of palaces adorned with gardens and fountains: but their being painted on the outſide has, in my opinion, a poor effect.

The commerce of this city is, at preſent, not very conſiderable; yet it has the face of buſineſs. The ſtreets are crouded with people; the ſhops are well furniſhed; and the markets abound with all ſorts of excellent proviſion. The wine made in this neighbourhood is, however, very indifferent; and all that is conſumed muſt be bought at the public cantinre, where it is ſold for the benefit of the ſtate. Their bread is the whiteſt and the beſt I have taſted any where; and the beef, which they have from Piedmont, is juicy

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juicy and delicious. The expence of eating in Italy is nearly the ſame as in France, about three ſhillings a head for every meal. The ſtate of Genoa is very poor, and their bank of St. George has received ſuch rude ſhocks, firſt from the revolt of the Corſicans, and afterwards from the misfortunes of the city, when it was taken by the Auſtrians in the war of 1745, that it ſtill continues to languiſh without any near proſpect of its credit being reſtored. Nothing ſhews the weakneſs of their ſtate, more than their having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of France to put a ſtop to the progreſs of Paoli in Corſica; for after all that has been ſaid of the gallantry and courage of Paoli and his iſlanders, I am very credibly informed that they might be very eaſily ſuppreſſed, if the Genoeſe had either vigour in the council or reſolution in the field.

True it is, they made a noble effort in expelling the Auſtrians who had taken poſſeſſion of their city; but this effort was the effect of oppreſſion and deſpair, and if I may believe the inſinuations of ſome politicians in this part of the world, the Genoeſe would not have

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have ſucceeded in that attempt, if they had not previouſly purchaſed with a large ſum of money the connivance of the only perſon who could defeat the enterprize. For my own part, I can ſcarce entertain thoughts ſo prejudicial to the character of human nature, as to ſuppoſe a man capable of ſacrificing to ſuch a conſideration, the duty he owed his prince, as well as all regard to the lives of his ſoldiers, even thoſe who lay ſick in hoſpitals, and who being dragged forth, were miſerably butchered by the furious populace. There is one more preſumption of his innocence, he ſtill retains the favour of his ſovereign, who could not well be ſuppoſed to ſhare in the booty. "There are myſteries in politics which were never dreamed of in our philoſophy, Horatio!" The poſſeſſion of Genoa might have proved a troubleſome bone of contention, which it might be convenient to loſe by accident. Certain it is, when the Auſtrians returned after their expulſion, in order to retake the city, the engineer, being queſtioned by the general, declared he would take the place in fifteen days, on pain of loſing his head; and in four days after this

declaration

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declaration the Auſtrians retired. This anecdote I learned from a worthy gentleman of this country, who had it from the engineer's own mouth. Perhaps it was the will of heaven. You ſee how favourably providence has interpoſed in behalf of the reigning empreſs of Ruſſia, firſt in removing her huſband; ſecondly in ordaining the aſſaſſination of prince Ivan, for which the perpetrators have been ſo liberally rewarded; it even ſeems determined to ſhorten the life of her own ſon, the only ſurviving rival from whom ſhe had any thing to fear.

The Genoeſe have now thrown themſelves into the arms of France for protection: I know not whether it would not have been a greater mark of ſagacity to cultivate the friendſhip of England, with which they carry on an advantageous commerce. While the Engliſh are maſters of the Mediterranean, they will always have it in their power to do incredible damage all along the Riviera, to ruin the Genoeſe trade by ſea, and even to annoy the capital; for notwithſtanding all the pains they have taken to fortify the mole and the city, I am greatly deceived if it is not

ſtill

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ſtill expoſed to the danger, not only of a bombardment, but even of a cannonade. I am even ſanguine enough to think a reſolute commander might, with a ſtrong ſquadron, ſail directly into the harbour, without ſuſtaining much damage, notwithſtanding all the cannon of the place, which are ſaid to amount to near five hundred. I have ſeen a cannonade of above four hundred pieces of artillery, beſides bombs and cohorns, maintained for many hours, without doing much miſchief.

During the laſt ſiege of Genoa, the French auxiliaries were obliged to wait at Monaco, until a gale of wind had driven the Engliſh ſquadron off the coaſt, and then they went along ſhore in ſmall veſſels at the imminent riſque of being taken by the Britiſh cruiſers. By land I apprehend their march would be altogether impracticable, if the king of Sardinia had any intereſt to oppoſe it. He might either guard the paſſes, or break up the road in twenty different places, ſo as to render it altogether impaſſable. Here it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that when Don Philip advanced from Nice with his army to Genoa,

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he was obliged to march ſo cloſe to the ſhore, that in above fifty different places, the Engliſh ſhips might have rendered the road altogether impaſſable. The path, which runs generally along the face of a precipice waſhed by the ſea, is ſo narrow that two men on horſeback can hardly paſs each other; and the road itſelf ſo rugged, ſlippery, and dangerous, that the troopers were obliged to diſmount, and lead their horſes one by one. On the other hand, baron de Leutrum, who was at the head of a large body of Piedmonteſe troops, had it in his power to block up the paſſes of the mountains, and even to deſtroy this road in ſuch a manner, that the enemy could not poſſibly advance. Why theſe precautions were not taken, I do not pretend to explain: neither can I tell you wherefore the prince of Monaco, who is a ſubject and partizan of France, was indulged with a neutrality for his town, which ſerved as a refreſhing-place, a ſafe port, and an intermediate poſt for the French ſuccours ſent from Marſeilles to Genoa. This I will only venture to affirm, that the ſucceſs and advantage of great alliances are often ſacrificed to low, partial, ſelfiſh, and

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ſordid conſiderations. The town of Monaco is commanded by every heighth in its neighbourhood; and might be laid in aſhes by a bomb-ketch in four hours by ſea.

I was fortunate enough to be recommended to a lady in Genoa, who treated us with great politeneſs and hoſpitality. She introduced me to an *abbate*, a man of letters, whoſe converſation was extremely agreeable. He already knew me by reputation, and offered to make me known to ſome of the firſt perſons in the republic, with whom he lived in intimacy. The lady is one of the moſt intelligent and beſt-bred perſons I have known in any country. We aſſiſted at her converſazione, which was numerous. She preſſed us to paſs the winter at Genoa; and indeed I was almoſt perſuaded: but I had attachments at Nice, from which I could not eaſily diſengage myſelf.

The few days we ſtayed at Genoa were employed in viſiting the moſt remarkable churches and palaces. In ſome of the churches, particularly that of the *Annunciata*, I found a profuſion of ornaments, which had more magnificence than taſte. There is a great

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great number of pictures; but very few of them are capital pieces. I had heard much of the *ponte Carignano*, which did not at all anſwer my expectation. It is a bridge that unites two eminences which form the higher part of the city, and the houſes in the bottom below do not riſe ſo high as the ſpringing of its arches. There is nothing at all curious in its conſtruction, nor any way remarkable, except the heighth of the piers from which the arches are ſprung. Hard by the bridge there is an elegant church, from the top of which you have a very rich and extenſive proſpect of the city, the ſea and the adjacent country, which looks like a continent of groves and villas. The only remarkable circumſtance about the cathedral, which is Gothic and gloomy, is the chapel where the pretended bones of John the Baptiſt are depoſited, and in which thirty ſilver lamps are continually burning. I had a curioſity to ſee the palaces of Durazzo and Doria, but it required more trouble to procure admiſſion than I was willing to give myſelf: as for the arſenal, and the roſtrum of an ancient galley which was found by accident in dragging the

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the harbour, I poſtponed ſeeing them till my return.

Having here provided myſelf with letters of credit for Florence and Rome, I hired the ſame boat which had brought us hither, to carry us forward to Lerici, which is a ſmall town about half way between Genoa and Leghorn, where travellers, who are tired of the ſea, take poſt-chaiſes to continue their route by land to Piſa and Florence. I payed three loui'dores for this voyage of about fifty miles; though I might have had a feluca for leſs money. When you land on the wharf at Genoa, you are plied by the feluca men juſt as you are plied by the watermen at Hungerford-ſtairs in London. They are always ready to ſet off at a minute's warning for Lerici, Leghorn, Nice, Antibes, Marſeilles, and every part of the Riviera.

The wind being ſtill unfavourable, though the weather was delightful, we rowed along ſhore, paſſing by ſeveral pretty towns, villages, and a vaſt number of *caſſines*, or little white houſes, ſcattered among woods of olive trees, that cover the hills; and theſe are the habitations of the velvet and damaſk weavers.

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Turning Capo Fino we entered a bay, where ſtand the towns of Porto Fino, Lavagna, and Seſtri di Levante, at which laſt we took up our night's lodging. The houſe was tolerable, and we had no great reaſon to complain of the beds: but, the weather being hot, there was a very offenſive ſmell, which proceeded from ſome ſkins of beaſts new killed, that were ſpread to dry on an out-houſe in the yard. Our landlord was a butcher, and had very much the looks of an aſſaſſin. His wife was a great maſculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the ſlaughter-houſe. Inſtead of being welcomed with looks of complaiſance, we were admitted with a ſort of gloomy condeſcenſion, which ſeemed to ſay, "We don't much like your company; but, however, you ſhall have a night's lodging in favour of the *patron of the gondola*, who is our acquaintance." In ſhort, we had a very bad ſupper, miſerably dreſſed, paſſed a very diſagreeable night, and payed a very extravagant bill in the morning, without being thanked for our cuſtom. I was very glad to get out of the houſe with my throat uncut.

Seſtri

Sestri di Levante is a little town pleasantly situated on the sea-side; but has not the convenience of a harbour. The fish taken here is mostly carried to Genoa. This is likewise the market for their oil, and the paste called *macaroni*, of which they make a good quantity.

Next day, we skirted a very barren coast, consisting of almost perpendicular rocks, on the faces of which, however, we saw many peasants houses and hanging terraces for vines, made by dint of incredible labour. In the afternoon, we entered by the Porto di Venere into the bay, or gulf of Spetia or Spezza, which was the Portus Lunæ of the ancients. This bay, at the mouth of which lies the island Palmaria, forms a most noble and secure harbour, capacious enough to contain all the navies in Christendom. The entrance on one side is defended by a small fort built above the town of Porto Venere, which is a very poor place. Farther in there is a battery of about twenty guns; and on the right hand, opposite to Porto Venere, is a block-house, founded on a rock in the sea. At the bottom of the bay is the town of Spetia on the left, and on the right that of

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Lerici, defended by a caſtle of very little ſtrength or conſequence. The whole bay is ſurrounded with plantations of olives and oranges, and makes a very delightful appearance. In caſe of a war, this would be an admirable ſtation for a Britiſh ſquadron, as it lies ſo near Genoa and Leghorn; and has a double entrance, by means of which the cruiſers could ſail in and out continually, which way ſoever the wind might chance to ſit. I am ſure the fortifications would give very little diſturbance.

At the poſt-houſe in Lerici, the accommodation is intolerable. We were almoſt poiſoned at ſupper. I found the place where I was to lie ſo cloſe and confined, that I could not breathe in it, and therefore lay all night in an outward room upon four chairs, with a leather portmanteau for my pillow. For this entertainment I payed very near a ſoui'dore. Such bad accommodation is the leſs excuſable, as the fellow has a great deal of buſineſs, this being a great thoroughfare for travellers going into Italy, or returning from thence.

I might have ſaved ſome money by proſecuting my voyage directly by ſea to Leghorn: but, by this time, we were all heartily

tired

tired of the water: the buſineſs then was to travel by land to Florence, by the way of Piſa, which is ſeven poſts diſtant from Lerici. Thoſe who have not their own carriage muſt either hire chaiſes to perform the whole journey, or travel by way of *cambiatura*, which is that of changing the chaiſes every poſt, as the cuſtom is in England. In this caſe the great inconvenience ariſes from your being obliged to ſhift your baggage every poſt. The chaiſe or *caleſſe* of this country, is a wretched machine with two wheels, as uneaſy as a common cart, being indeed no other than what we ſhould call in England a very ill-contrived one-horſe chair, narrow, naked, ſhattered and ſhabby. For this vehicle and two horſes you pay at the rate of eight *paoli* a ſtage, or four ſhillings ſterling; and the poſtilion expects two *paoli* for his gratification: ſo that every eight miles coſt about five ſhillings, and four only, if you travel in your own carriage, as in that caſe you pay no more than at the rate of three *paoli* a horſe.

About three miles from Lerici, we croſſed the Magra, which appeared as a rivulet almoſt dry, and in half a mile farther arrived at Sar-

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zana, a ſmall town at the extremity of the Genoeſe territories, where we changed horſes. Then entering the principalities of Maſſa and Carrara, belonging to the duke of Modena, we paſſed Lavenza, which ſeems to be a decayed town with a ſmall garriſon, and dined at Maſſa, which is an agreeable little town, where the old dutcheſs of Modena reſides. Notwithſtanding all the expedition we could make, it was dark before we paſſed the Cerchio, which is an inconſiderable ſtream in the neighbourhood of Piſa, where we arrived about eight in the evening.

The country from Sarzana to the frontiers of Tuſcany is a narrow plain, bounded on the right by the ſea, and on the left by the Appenine mountains. It is well cultivated and incloſed, conſiſting of meadow-ground, corn fields, plantations of olives; and the trees that form the hedge-rows ſerve as ſo many props to the vines, which are twiſted round them, and continued from one to another. After entering the dominions of Tuſcany, we travelled through a noble foreſt of oak trees of a conſiderable extent, which would have appeared much more agreeable, had we not been

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been benighted and apprehenſive of robbers. The laſt poſt but one in this day's journey is at the little town of Spirito Santo, a kind of ſea-port on the Mediterranean. The roads are indifferent, and the accommodation is execrable. I was glad to find myſelf houſed in a very good inn at Piſa, where I promiſed myſelf a good night's reſt, and was not diſappointed. I heartily wiſh you the ſame pleaſure, and am very ſincerely

Yours,

LETTER XXVII.

Nice, January 28, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

PISA is a fine old city that ſtrikes you with the ſame veneration you would feel at ſight of an antient temple which bears the marks of decay, without being abſolutely dilapidated. The houſes are well built, the ſtreets open, ſtraight, and well payed; the

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shops well furnished, and the markets well supplied: there are some elegant palaces, particularly that of the grand-duke, with a marble statue of Ferdinand III. before it. The churches are built with taste, and tolerably ornamented. There is a beautiful wharf of free-stone on each side of the river Arno, which runs through the city, and three bridges thrown over it, of which that in the middle is of marble, a pretty piece of architecture: but the number of inhabitants is very inconsiderable; and this very circumstance gives it an air of majestic solitude, which is far from being unpleasant to a man of a contemplative turn of mind. For my part, I cannot bear the tumult of a populous commercial city; and the solitude that reigns in Pisa would be a strong motive to choose it as a place of residence. Not that this would be the only inducement for living at Pisa. Here is some good company, and even a few men of taste and learning. The people in general are counted sociable and polite; and there is great plenty of provisions, at a very reasonable rate. At some distance from the more frequented parts of the city,

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a man may hire a large house for thirty crowns a year: but near the center, you cannot have good lodgings, ready furnished, for less than a *scudo* (about five shillings) a day. The air in summer is reckoned unwholesome by the exhalations arising from stagnant water in the neighbourhood of the city, which stands in the midst of a fertile plain, low and marshy: yet these marshes have been considerably drained by the new canal extending from hence to Leghorn. As for the Arno, it is no longer navigable for vessels of any burthen. The university of Pisa is very much decayed; and except the little business occasioned by the emperor's gallies, which are built in this town, I know of no commerce it carries on: perhaps the inhabitants live on the produce of the country, which consists of corn, wine, and cattle. They are supplied with excellent water for drinking, by an aqueduct consisting of above five thousand arches, begun by Cosmo, and finished by Ferdinand I. grand-dukes of Tuscany: it conveys the water from the mountains at the distance of five miles. This noble city, formerly the capital of a

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flourishing and powerful republic, which contained above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, within its walls, is now so desolate that grass grows in the open streets, and the number of its people do not exceed sixteen thousand.

You need not doubt but I visited the Campanile, or hanging-tower, which is a beautiful cylinder of eight stories, each adorned with a round of columns, rising one above another. It stands by the cathedral, and inclines so far on one side from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, it falls sixteen feet from the base. For my part, I should never have dreamed that this inclination proceeded from any other cause, than an accidental subsidence of the foundation on this side, if some connoisseurs had not taken great pains to prove it was done on purpose by the architect. Any person who has eyes may see that the pillars on that side are considerably sunk; and this is the case with the very threshold of the door by which you enter. I think it would have been a very preposterous ambition in

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the architects, to shew how far they could deviate from the perpendicular in this construction; because in that particular any common mason could have rivalled them; and if they really intended it as a specimen of their art, they should have shortened the pilasters on that side, so as to exhibit them intire, without the appearance of sinking. These leaning towers are not unfrequent in Italy; there is one at Bologna, another at Venice, a third betwixt Venice and Ferrara, and a fourth at Ravenna; and the inclination in all of them has been supposed owing to the foundations giving way on one side only.

In the cathedral, which is a large Gothic pile, there is a great number of massy pillars of porphyry, granite, jasper, and verde antico, together with some good pictures and statues: but the greatest curiosity is that of the brass gates, designed and executed by John of Bologna, representing, embossed in different compartments, the history of the Old and New Testament. I was so charmed with this work, that I could have stood a whole day to examine and admire it.

In

In the Baptiſterium, which ſtands oppoſite to this front, there are ſome beautiful marbles, particularly the font, and a pulpit, ſupported by the ſtatues of different animals.

Between the cathedral and this building, about one hundred paces on one ſide, is the famous burying-ground, called *Campo Santo*, from its being covered with earth brought from Jeruſalem. It is an oblong ſquare, ſurrounded by a very high wall, and always kept ſhut. Within-ſide there is a ſpacious corridore round the whole ſpace, which is a noble walk for a contemplative philoſopher. It is paved chiefly with flat grave-ſtones: the walls are painted in freſco by Ghiotto, Giottino, Stefano, Bennoti, Bufalmaco, and ſome others of his cotemporaries and diſciples, who flouriſhed immediately after the reſtoration of painting. The ſubjects are taken from the Bible. Though the manner is dry, the drawing incorrect, the deſign generally lame, and the colouring unnatural; yet there is merit in the expreſſion: and the whole remains as a curious monument of the efforts made

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made by this noble art immediately after her revival. Here are ſome deceptions in perſpective equally ingenious and pleaſing; particularly the figures of certain animals, which exhibit exactly the ſame appearance, from whatever different points of view they are ſeen. One diviſion of the burying-ground conſiſts, of a particular compoſt, which in nine days conſumes the dead bodies to the bones: in all probability, it is no other than common earth mixed with quick-lime. At one corner of the corridore, there are the pictures of three bodies repreſented in the three different ſtages of putrefaction which they undergo when laid in this compoſition. At the end of the three firſt days, the body is bloated and ſwelled, and the features are enlarged and diſtorted to ſuch a degree, as fills the ſpectator with horror. At the ſixth day, the ſwelling is ſubſided, and all the muſcular fleſh hangs looſened from the bones: at the ninth, nothing but the ſkeleton remains. There is a ſmall neat chapel at one end of the *Campo Santo*, with ſome tombs, on one of which is a beautiful buſt by Buona Roti. At the other end of the corridore, there is a

range

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range of antient Roman ſtone-coffins, repreſenting on the ſides and covers ſome excellent pieces in baſſo-relievo. The hunting of Meleager has been greatly admired: but what ſtruck me moſt, was the figure of a woman lying dead on a tomb-ſtone, covered with a piece of thin drapery, ſo delicately cut as to ſhew all the flexures of the attitude, and even all the ſwellings and ſinuoſities of the muſcles. Inſtead of ſtone, it looks like a ſheet of wet linen.

For four zechines I hired a return-coach and four from Piſa to Florence. This road, which lies along the Arno, is very good; and the country is delightful, variegated with hill and vale, wood and water, meadows and corn-fields, planted and incloſed like the counties of Middleſex and Hampſhire; with this difference, however, that all the trees in this tract were covered with vines, and the ripe cluſters black and white, hung down from every bough in the moſt luxuriant and romantic abundance. The vines in this country are not planted in rows, and propped with ſticks, as in France and the county of Nice, but twine around the hedge-row trees,

trees, which they almoſt quite cover with their foliage and fruit. The branches of the vine are extended from tree to tree, exhibiting beautiful feſtoons of real leaves, tendrils, and ſwelling cluſters a foot long. By this œconomy the ground of the incloſure is ſpared for corn, graſs, or any other production. The trees commonly planted for the purpoſe of ſuſtaining the vines, are maple, elm, and aller, with which laſt the banks of the Arno abound. This river, which is very inconſiderable with reſpect to the quantity of water, would be a charming paſtoral ſtream, if it was tranſparent; but it is always muddy and diſcoloured. About ten or a dozen miles below Florence, there are ſome marble quarries on the ſide of it, from whence the blocks are conveyed in boats, when there is water enough in the river to float them, that is after heavy rains, or the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains of Umbria, being part of the Appenines, from whence it takes its riſe.

Florence is a noble city, that ſtill retains all the marks of a majeſtic capital, ſuch as piazzas, palaces, fountains, bridges, ſtatues,

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and arcades. I need not tell you that the churches here are magnificent, and adorned not only with pillars of oriental granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, and other precious ſtones; but alſo with capital pieces of painting by the moſt eminent maſters. Several of theſe churches, however, ſtand without fronts, for want of money to complete the plans. It may alſo appear ſuperfluous to mention my having viewed the famous gallery of antiquities, the chapel of St. Lorenzo, the palace of Pitti, the cathedral, the baptiſterium, the *Ponte de Trinita*, with its ſtatues, the triumphal arch, and every thing which is commonly viſited in this metropolis. But all theſe objects having been circumſtantially deſcribed by twenty different authors of travels, I ſhall not trouble you with a repetition of trite obſervations.

That part of the city which ſtands on each ſide of the river, makes a very elegant appearance, to which the four bridges and the ſtone-quay between them, contribute in a great meaſure. I lodged at the widow Vanini's, an Engliſh houſe delightfully ſituated in this quarter. The landlady, who is herſelf

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herſelf a native of England, we found very obliging. The lodging-rooms are comfortable; and the entertainment is good and reaſonable. There is a conſiderable number of faſhionable people at Florence, and many of them in good circumſtances. They affect a gaiety in their dreſs, equipage, and converſation; but ſtand very much on their punctilio with ſtrangers; and will not, without great reluctance, admit into their aſſemblies any lady of another country, whoſe nobleſſe is not aſcertained by a title. This reſerve is in ſome meaſure excuſable among a people who are extremely ignorant of foreign cuſtoms, and who know that in their own country, every perſon, even the moſt inſignificant, who has any pretenſions to family, either inherits, or aſſumes the title of *principe*, *conte*, or *marcheſe*.

With all their pride, however, the nobles of Florence are humble enough to enter into partnerſhip with ſhop-keepers, and even to ſell wine by retail. It is an undoubted fact, that in every palace or great houſe in this city, there is a little window fronting the ſtreet, provided with an iron-knocker, and over it

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hangs an empty flaſk, by way of ſign-poſt. Thither you ſend your ſervant to buy a bottle of wine. He knocks at the little wicket, which is opened immediately by a domeſtic, who ſupplies him with what he wants, and receives the money like the waiter of any other cabaret. It is pretty extraordinary, that it ſhould not be deemed a diſparagement in a nobleman to ſell half a pound of figs, or a palm of ribbon or tape, or to take money for a flaſk of ſour wine; and yet be counted infamous to match his daughter in the family of a perſon who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf in any one of the learned profeſſions.

Though Florence be tolerably populous, there ſeems to be very little trade of any kind in it: but the inhabitants flatter themſelves with the proſpect of reaping great advantage from the reſidence of one of the arch-dukes, for whoſe reception they are now repairing the palace of Pitti. I know not what the revenues of Tuſcany may amount to, ſince the ſucceſſion of the princes of Lorraine; but, under the laſt dukes of the Medici family, they were ſaid to pro-

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duce two millions of crowns, equal to five hundred thouſand pounds ſterling. Theſe aroſe from a very heavy tax upon land and houſes, the portions of maidens, and ſuits at law, beſides the duties upon traffick, a ſevere gabelle upon the neceſſaries of life, and a toll upon every eatable entered into this capital. If we may believe Leti, the grand duke was then able to raiſe and maintain an army of forty thouſand infantry, and three thouſand horſe; with twelve gallies, two galeaſſes, and twenty ſhips of war. I queſtion if Tuſcany can maintain at preſent above one half of ſuch an armament. He that now commands the emperor's navy, conſiſting of a few frigates, is an Engliſhman, called Acton, who was heretofore captain of a ſhip in our Eaſt India company's ſervice. He has lately embraced the catholic religion, and been created admiral of Tuſcany.

There is a tolerable opera in Florence for the entertainment of the beſt company, though they do not ſeem very attentive to the muſick. Italy is certainly the native country of this art; and yet, I do not find the people in general either more muſically

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inclined, or better provided with ears than their neighbours. Here is alſo a wretched troop of comedians for the burgeois, and lower claſs of people: but what ſeems moſt to ſuit the taſte of all ranks, is the exhibition of church pageantry. I had occaſion to ſee a proceſſion, where all the nobleſſe of the city attended in their coaches, which filled the whole length of the great ſtreet called the *Corſo*. It was the anniverſary of a charitable inſtitution in favour of poor maidens, a certain number of whom are portioned every year. About two hundred of theſe virgins walked in proceſſion, two and two together, cloathed in violet-coloured wide gowns, with white veils on their heads, and made a very claſſical appearance. They were preceded and followed by an irregular mob of penitents in ſack-cloth, with lighted tapers, and monks carrying crucifixes, bawling and bellowing the litanies: but the great object was a figure of the Virgin Mary, as big as the life, ſtanding within a gilt frame, dreſſed in a gold ſtuff, with a large hoop, a great quantity of falſe jewels, her face painted and patched, and her hair frizzled and curled in

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the very extremity of the fashion. Very little regard had been paid to the image of our Saviour on the cross; but when his lady-mother appeared on the shoulders of three or four lusty friars, the whole populace fell upon their knees in the dirt. This extraordinary veneration paid to the Virgin, must have been derived originally from the French, who pique themselves on their gallantry to the fair sex.

Amidst all the scenery of the Roman catholic religion, I have never yet seen any of the spectators affected at heart, or discover the least signs of fanaticism. The very disciplinants, who scourge themselves in the Holy-week, are generally peasants or parties hired for the purpose. Those of the confrairies, who have an ambition to distinguish themselves on such occasions, take care to secure their backs from the smart, by means of secret armour, either women's boddice, or quilted jackets. The confrairies are fraternities of devotees, who inlist themselves under the banners of particular saints. On days of procession they appear in a body dressed as penitents and masked, and distinguished

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by croſſes on their habits. There is ſcarce an individual, whether noble or plebeian, who does not belong to one of theſe aſſociations, which may be compared to the Free-Maſons, Gregoreans, and Antigallicans of England.

Juſt without one of the gates of Florence, there is a triumphal arch erected on occaſion of the late emperor's making his public entry, when he ſucceeded to the dukedom of Tuſcany: and here in the ſummer evenings, the quality reſort to take the air in their coaches. Every carriage ſtops, and forms a little ſeparate converſazione. The ladies ſit within, and the cicisbei ſtand on the foot-boards, on each ſide of the coach, entertaining them with their diſcourſe. It would be no unpleaſant inquiry to trace this ſort of gallantry to its original, and inveſtigate all its progreſs. The Italians, having been accuſed of jealouſy, were reſolved to wipe off the reproach, and, ſeeking to avoid it for the future, have run into the other extreme. I know it is generally ſuppoſed that the cuſtom of chooſing cicisbei, was calculated to prevent the extinction of families, which would otherwiſe

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wiſe often happen in conſequence of marriages founded upon intereſt, without any mutual affection in the contracting parties. How far this political conſideration may have weighed againſt the jealous and vindictive temper of the Italians, I will not pretend to judge: but, certain it is, every married lady in this country has her ciciſbeo, or ſerviente, who attends her every where, and on all occaſions; and upon whoſe privileges the huſband dares not encroach, without incurring the cenſure and ridicule of the whole community. For my part, I would rather be condemned for life to the gallies, than exerciſe the office of a ciciſbeo, expoſed to the intolerable caprices and dangerous reſentment of an Italian virago. I pretend not to judge of the national character, from my own obſervation: but, if the portraits drawn by Goldoni in his Comedies are taken from nature, I would not heſitate to pronounce the Italian women the moſt haughty, inſolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth. Indeed their reſentments are ſo cruelly implacable, and contain ſuch a mixture of perfidy, that, in my opinion,

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they are very unfit ſubjects for comedy, whoſe province it is, rather to ridicule folly than to ſtigmatize ſuch atrocious vice.

You have often heard it ſaid, that the purity of the Italian is to be found in the *lingua Toſcana*, and *bocca Romana*. Certain it is, the pronunciation of the Tuſcans is diſagreeably guttural: the letters C and G they pronounce with an aſpiration, which hurts the ear of an Engliſhman; and is I think rather rougher than that of the X, in Spaniſh. It ſounds as if the ſpeaker had loſt his palate. I really imagined the firſt man I heard ſpeak in Piſa, had met with that misfortune in the courſe of his amours.

One of the greateſt curioſities you meet with in Italy, is the Improviſatore; ſuch is the name given to certain individuals, who have the ſurpriſing talent of reciting verſes extempore, on any ſubject you propoſe. Mr. Corveſi, my landlord, has a ſon, a Franciſcan friar, who is a great genius in this way. When the ſubject is given, his brother tunes his violin to accompany him, and he begins to rehearſe in recitative, with wonderful fluency and preciſion. Thus he will, at a minute's

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minute's warning, recite two or three hundred verſes, well turned, and well adapted, and generally mingled with an elegant compliment to the company. The Italians are ſo fond of poetry, that many of them have the beſt part of Arioſto, Taſſo, and Petrarch, by heart; and theſe are the great ſources from which the Improviſatori draw their rhimes, cadence, and turns of expreſſion. But, leſt you ſhould think there is neither rhime nor reaſon in protracting this tedious epiſtle, I ſhall conclude it with the old burden of my ſong, that I am always

Your affectionate humble ſervant.

LETTER XXVIII.

Nice, February 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR entertaining letter of the fifth of laſt month, was a very charitable and a very agreeable donation: but your ſuſpicion is groundleſs. I aſſure you, upon my honour,

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I have no ſhare whatever in any of the diſputes which agitate the public: nor do I know any thing of your political tranſactions, except what I caſually ſee in one of your newspapers, with the peruſal of which I am ſometimes favoured by our conſul at Villefranche. You inſiſt upon my being more particular in my remarks on what I ſaw at Florence, and I ſhall obey the injunction. The famous gallery which contains the antiquities, is the third ſtory of a noble ſtone-edifice, built in the form of the Greek Π, the upper part fronting the river Arno, and one of the legs adjoining to the ducal-palace, where the courts of juſtice are held. As the houſe of Medici had for ſome centuries reſided in the palace of Pitti, ſituated on the other ſide of the river, a full mile from theſe tribunals, the architect Vaſari, who planned the new edifice, at the ſame time contrived a corridore, or covered paſſage, extending from the palace of Pitti along one of the bridges, to the gallery of curioſities, through which the grand-duke paſſed unſeen, when he was diſpoſed either to amuſe himſelf with his antiquities, or to aſſiſt at his courts of judicature: but there is nothing very

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very extraordinary either in the contrivance or execution of this corridore.

If I reſided in Florence I would give ſomething extraordinary for permiſſion to walk every day in the gallery, which I ſhould much prefer to the Lycæum, the groves of Academus, or any porch or philoſophical alley in Athens or in Rome. Here by viewing the ſtatues and buſts ranged on each ſide, I ſhould become acquainted with the faces of all the remarkable perſonages, male and female, of antiquity, and even be able to trace their different characters from the expreſſion of their features. This collection is a moſt excellent commentary upon the Roman hiſtorians, particularly Suetonius and Dion Caſſius. There was one circumſtance that ſtruck me in viewing the buſts of Caracalla, both here and in the Capitol at Rome; that was a certain ferocity in the eyes, which ſeemed to contradict the ſweetneſs of the other features, and remarkably juſtified the epithet *Caracuyl*, by which he was diſtinguiſhed by the antient inhabitants of North-Britain. In the language of the Highlanders *caracuyl* ſignifies *cruel eye*, as we are given to underſtand by the ingenious editor

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editor of Fingal, who ſeems to think that Caracalla is no other than the Celtic word, adapted to the pronunciation of the Romans: but the truth is, Caracalla was the name of a Gauliſh veſtment, which this prince affected to wear; and hence he derived that ſurname. The Caracuyl of the Britons, is the ſame as the ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν of the Greeks, which Homer has ſo often applied to his Scolding Heroes. I like the Bacchanalian, chiefly for the fine drapery. The wind, occaſioned by her motion, ſeems to have ſwelled and raiſed it from the parts of the body which it covers. There is another gay Bacchanalian, in the attitude of dancing, crowned with ivy, holding in her right hand a bunch of grapes, and in her right the thyrſus. The head of the celebrated Flora is very beautiful: the groupe of Cupid and Pyſche, however, did not give me all the pleaſure I expected from it.

Of all the marbles that appear in the open gallery, the following are thoſe I moſt admire. Leda with the Swan; as for Jupiter, in this transformation, he has much the appearance of a gooſe. I have not ſeen any thing tamer; but

but the ſculptor has admirably ſhewn his art in repreſenting Leda's hand partly hid among the feathers, which are ſo lightly touched off, that the very ſhape of the fingers are ſeen underneath. The ſtatue of a youth, ſuppoſed to be Ganymede, is compared by the connoiſſeurs to the celebrated Venus, and as far as I can judge, not without reaſon: it is, however, rather agreeable, than ſtriking, and will pleaſe a connoiſſeur much more than a common ſpectator. I know not whether it is my regard to the faculty that inhances the value of the noted Æſculapius, who appears with a venerable beard of delicate workmanſhip. He is larger than the life, cloathed in a magnificent pallium, his left arm reſting on a knotted ſtaff, round which the ſnake is twined according to Ovid:

Hunc modo ſerpentem baculum qui nexibus ambit
Perſpice ———

He has in his hand the *faſcia herbarum*, and the *crepidæ* on his feet. There is a wild-boar repreſented lying on one ſide, which I admire as a maſter-piece. The ſavageneſs of his appearance is finely contraſted with the eaſe and

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and indolence of the attitude. Were I to meet with a living boar lying with the ſame expreſſion, I ſhould be tempted to ſtroke his briſtles. Here is an elegant buſt of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian; and a beautiful head of Alexander the Great, turned on one ſide, with an expreſſion of languiſhment and anxiety in his countenance. The virtuoſi are not agreed about the circumſtance in which he is repreſented; whether fainting with the loſs of blood which he ſuffered in his adventure at Oxydrace; or languiſhing with the fever contracted by bathing in the Cydnus; or finally complaining to his father Jove, that there were no other worlds for him to conquer. The kneeling Narciſſus is a ſtriking figure, and the expreſſion admirable. The two Bacchi are perfectly well executed; but (to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I prefer to the antique that which is the work of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, concerning which the ſtory is told which you well know. The artiſt having been blamed by ſome pretended connoiſſeurs, for not imitating the manner of the ancients, is ſaid to have privately finiſhed this Bacchus, and buried it,

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after having broke off an arm, which he kept as a voucher. The ſtatue, being dug up by accident, was allowed by the beſt judges, to be a perfect antique; upon which Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed his own work. Signior Bianchi, the keeper of this muſæum, looks upon this as a fable; but owns that Vaſari tells ſuch another of a child cut in marble by the ſame artiſt, which being carried to Rome, and kept for ſome time under ground, was dug up as an antique, and ſold for a great deal of money. I was likewiſe attracted by the Morpheus in touchſtone, which is deſcribed by Addiſon, who, by the bye, notwithſtanding all his taſte, has been convicted by Bianchi of ſeveral groſs blunders in his account of this gallery.

With reſpect to the famous Venus Pontia, commonly called *de Medicis*, which was found at Tivoli, and is kept in a ſeparate apartment called the *Tribuna*, I believe I ought to be intirely ſilent, or at leaſt conceal my real ſentiments, which will otherwiſe appear equally abſurd and preſumptuous. It muſt be want of taſte that prevents my feeling that enthuſiaſtic admiration with which others are inſpired

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inſpired at ſight of this ſtatue: a ſtatue which in reputation equals that of Cupid by Praxiteles, which brought ſuch a concourſe of ſtrangers of old to the little town of Theſpiæ. I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus; and that the attitude is aukward and out of character. It is a bad plea to urge that the antients and we differ in the ideas of beauty. We know the contrary, from their medals, buſts, and hiſtorians. Without all doubt, the limbs and proportions of this ſtatue are elegantly formed, and accurately deſigned, according to the niceſt rules of ſymmetry and proportion; and the back parts eſpecially are executed ſo happily, as to excite the admiration of the moſt indifferent ſpectator. One cannot help thinking it is the very Venus of *Cnidos* by Praxiteles, which Lucian deſcribes. "Hercle quanta dorſi concinnitas! ut exuberantes lumbi amplexantes manus implent! quam ſcite circumductæ clunium pulpæ in ſe rotundantur, neque tenues nimis ipſis offibus adſtrictæ, neque in immenſam effuſæ Pinguedinem!" That the ſtatue thus deſcribed was not the *Venus de Medicis*, would appear from

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from the Greek inſcription on the baſe, ΚΛΕΟΜΕΝΗΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΟΔΟΡΟΥ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ. *Cleomenes filius Apollodori fecit*; did we not know that this inſcription is counted ſpurious, and that inſtead of ΕΠΩΕΣΕΝ, it ſhould be ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. This, however, is but a frivolous objection, as we have ſeen many inſcriptions undoubtedly antique, in which the orthography is falſe, either from the ignorance or careleſſneſs of the ſculptor. Others ſuppoſe, not without reaſon, that this ſtatue is a repreſentation of the famous Phryne, the courteſan of Athens, who at the celebration of the Eleuſinian games, exhibited herſelf coming out of the bath, naked, to the eyes of the whole Athenian people. I was much pleaſed with the dancing faun; and ſtill better with the Lotti, or wreſtlers, the attitudes of which are beautifully contrived to ſhew the different turns of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles: but, what pleaſed me beſt of all the ſtatues in the Tribuna was the Arrotino, commonly called the Whetter, and generally ſuppoſed to repreſent a ſlave, who in the act of whetting a knife, overhears

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the conſpiracy of Cataline. You know he is repreſented on one knee; and certain it is, I never ſaw ſuch an expreſſion of anxious attention, as appears in his countenance. But it is not mingled with any marks of ſurpriſe, ſuch as could not fail to lay hold on a man who overhears by accident a conſpiracy againſt the ſtate. The marquis de Maffei has juſtly obſerved that Salluſt, in his very circumſtantial detail of that conſpiracy, makes no mention of any ſuch diſcovery. Neither does it appear, that the figure is in the act of whetting, the ſtone which he holds in one hand being rough and unequal, no ways reſembling a whetſtone. Others alledge it repreſents Milico, the freedman of Scævinus, who conſpired againſt the life of Nero, and gave his poignard to be whetted to Milico, who preſented it to the emperor, with an account of the conſpiracy: but the attitude and expreſſion will by no means admit of this interpretation. Signore Bianchi, who is himſelf a learned and judicious antiquarian, thinks the ſtatue repreſents the augur Attius Navius, who cut a ſtone with a knife, at the command of Tarquinius Priſcus. This conjecture

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jecture ſeems to be confirmed by a medallion of Antoninus Pius, inſerted by Vaillant among his Numiſmata Preſtantiora, on which is delineated nearly ſuch a figure as this in queſtion, with the following legend, "Attius Navius genuflexus ante Tarquinium Priſcum cotem cultro diſcidit." He owns indeed that in the ſtatue, the augur is not diſtinguiſhed either by his habit or emblems; and he might have added, neither is the ſtone a cotes. For my own part, I think neither of theſe three opinions is ſatisfactory, though the laſt is very ingenious. Perhaps the figure alludes to a private incident, which never was recorded in any hiſtory. Among the great number of pictures in this Tribuna, I was moſt charmed with the Venus by Titian, which has a ſweetneſs of expreſſion and tenderneſs of colouring, not to be deſcribed. In this apartment, they reckon three hundred pieces, the greateſt part by the beſt maſters, particularly by Raphael, in the three manners by which he diſtinguiſhed himſelf at different periods of his life. As for the celebrated ſtatue of the hermaphodrite, which we find in another room, I give the ſculptor credit for

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his ingenuity in mingling the ſexes in the compoſition; but it is, at beſt, no other than a monſter in nature, which I never had any pleaſure in viewing: nor, indeed, do I think there was much talent required in repreſenting a figure with the head and breaſts of a woman, and all the other parts of the body maſculine. There is ſuch a profuſion of curioſities in this celebrated muſæum; ſtatues, buſts, pictures, medals, tables inlaid in the way of marquetry, cabinets adorned with precious ſtones, jewels of all ſorts, mathematical inſtruments, antient arms and military machines, that the imagination is bewildered; and a ſtranger of a viſionary turn, would be apt to fancy himſelf in a palace of the fairies, raiſed and adorned by the power of inchantment.

In one of the detached apartments, I ſaw the antependium of the altar, deſigned for the famous chapel of St. Lorenzo. It is a curious piece of architecture, inlaid with coloured marble and precious ſtones, ſo as to repreſent an infinite variety of natural objects. It is adorned with ſome cryſtal pillars, with capitals of beaten gold. The ſecond ſtory of the

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the building is occupied by a great number of artiſts employed in this very curious work of marquetry, repreſenting figures with gems and different kinds of coloured marble, for the uſe of the emperor. The Italians call it *pietre commeſſe*, a ſort of inlaying with ſtones, analogous to the fineering of cabinets in wood. It is peculiar to Florence, and ſeems to be ſtill more curious than the Moſaic work, which the Romans have brought to great perfection.

The cathedral of Florence is a great Gothic building, encruſted on the outſide with marble; it is remarkable for nothing but its cupola, which is ſaid to have been copied by the architect of St. Peter's at Rome, and for it's ſize, which is much greater than that of any other church in Chriſtendom. The baptiſtery, which ſtands by it, was an antient temple, ſaid to be dedicated to Mars. There are ſome good ſtatues of marble within; and one or two of bronze on the outſide of the doors; but it is chiefly celebrated for the emboſſed work of its braſs gates, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, which Buonaroti uſed to ſay, deſerved to be made the gates of Paradiſe. I

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viewed them with pleaſure: but ſtill I retained a greater veneration for thoſe of Piſa, which I had firſt admired: a preference which either ariſes from want of taſte, or from the charm of novelty, by which the former were recommended to my attention. Thoſe who would have a particular detail of every thing worth ſeeing at Florence, comprehending churches, libraries, palaces, tombs, ſtatues, pictures, fountains, bridges, &c. may conſult Keyſler, who is ſo laborioufly circumſtantial in his deſcriptions, that I never could peruſe them, without ſuffering the headach, and recollecting the old obſervation, That the German genius lies more in the back than in the brain.

I was much diſappointed in the chapel of St. Lorenzo. Notwithſtanding the great profuſion of granite, porphyry, jaſper, verde antico, lapis-lazuli, and other precious ſtones, repreſenting figures in the way of marquetry, I think the whole has a gloomy effect. Theſe *pietre commeſſe* are better calculated for cabinets, than for ornaments to great buildings, which ought to be large maſſes proportioned to the greatneſs of the edifice. The compartments

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partments are ſo ſmall, that they produce no effect in giving the firſt impreſſion when one enters the place; except to give an air of littleneſs to the whole, juſt as if a grand ſaloon was covered with pictures painted in miniature. If they have as little regard to proportion and perſpective, when they paint the dome, which is not yet finiſhed, this chapel, will in my opinion, remain a monument of ill taſte and extravagance.

The court of the palace of Pitti is formed by three ſides of an elegant ſquare, with arcades all round, like the palace of Holyrood houſe at Edinburgh; and the ruſtic work, which conſtitues the lower part of the building, gives it an air of ſtrength and magnificence. In this court, there is a fine fountain, in which the water trickles down from above; and here is alſo an admirable antique ſtatue of Hercules, inſcribed ΑΥΣΙΠΠΟΥ ΕΡΓΟΝ, the work of Lyſippus.

The apartments of this palace are generally ſmall, and many of them dark. Among the paintings, the moſt remarkable is the Madonna de la Seggiola, by Raphael, counted one of the beſt coloured pieces of that great

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maſter. If I was allowed to find fault with the performance, I ſhould pronounce it defective in dignity and ſentiment. It is the expreſſion of a peaſant rather than of the mother of God. She exhibits the fondneſs and joy of a young woman towards her firſt-born ſon, without that rapture of admiration which we expect to find in the Virgin Mary, while ſhe contemplates, in the fruit of her own womb, the Saviour of mankind. In other reſpects, it is a fine figure, gay, agreeable, and very expreſſive of maternal tenderneſs; and the *bambino* is extremely beautiful. There was an Engliſh painter employed in copying this picture, and what he had done was executed with great ſucceſs. I am one of thoſe who think it very poſſible to imitate the beſt pieces in ſuch a manner, that even the connoiſſeurs ſhall not be able to diſtinguiſh the original from the copy. After all, I do not ſet up for a judge in theſe matters, and very likely I may incur the ridicule of the virtuoſi for the remarks I have made: but I am uſed to ſpeak my mind freely on all ſubjects that fall under the cognizance of my ſenſes; though I muſt

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as freely own, there is ſomething more than common ſenſe required to diſcover and diſtinguiſh the more delicate beauties of painting. I can ſafely ſay, however, that without any daubing at all, I am, very ſincerely,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

LETTER XXIX.

Nice, February 20, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING ſeen all the curioſities of Florence, and hired a good travelling coach for ſeven weeks, at the price of ſeven zequines, ſomething leſs than three guineas and a half, we ſet out poſt for Rome, by the way of Sienna, where we lay the firſt night. The country through which we paſſed is mountainous but agreeable. Of Sienna I can ſay nothing from my own obſervation, but that we were indifferently lodged in a houſe that ſtunk like a privy, and fared wretchedly

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wretchedly at ſupper. The city is large and well built: the inhabitants pique themſelves upon their politeneſs, and the purity of their dialect. Certain it is, ſome ſtrangers reſide in this place on purpoſe to learn the beſt pronunciation of the Italian tongue. The Moſaic pavement of their duomo, or cathedral, has been much admired; as well as the hiſtory of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards pope Pius II. painted on the walls of the library, partly by Pietro Perugino, and partly by his pupil Raphael D'Urbino.

Next day, at Buon Convento, where the emperor Henry VII. was poiſoned by a friar with the ſacramental wafer, I refuſed to give money to the hoſtler, who in revenge put two young unbroke ſtone-horſes in the traces next to the coach, which became ſo unruly, that before we had gone a quarter of a mile, they and the poſtilion were rolling in the duſt. In this ſituation they made ſuch efforts to diſengage themſelves, and kicked with ſuch violence, that I imagined the carriage and all our trunks would have been beaten in pieces. We leaped out of the coach, however, without ſuſtaining any perſonal damage, except the fright; nor

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nor was any hurt done to the vehicle. But the horſes were terribly bruiſed, and almoſt ſtrangled, before they could be diſengaged. Exaſperated at the villany of the hoſtler, I reſolved to make a complaint to the magiſtrate of the place, who is called *uffiziale*. I found him wrapped in an old, greaſy, ragged, great-coat, ſitting in a wretched apartment, without either glaſs, paper, or boards in the windows; and there was no ſort of furniture but a couple of broken chairs and a miſerable truckle-bed. He looked pale, meagre, and haggard, and had more the air of a half-ſtarved priſoner than of a magiſtrate. Having heard my complaint, he came forth into a kind of outward room or bellfrey, and rung a great bell with his own hand. In conſequence of this ſignal, the poſt-maſter came up ſtairs, and I ſuppoſe he was the firſt man in the place, for the *uffiziale* ſtood before him cap-in-hand, and with great marks of humble reſpect repeated the complaint I had made. This man aſſured me, with an air of conſcious importance, that he himſelf had ordered the hoſtler to ſupply me with thoſe very horſes, which were the beſt

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beſt in his ſtable; and that the misfortune which happened was owing to the miſconduct of the fore-poſtilion, who did not keep the fore horſes to a proper ſpeed proportioned to the mettle of the other two. As he took the affair upon himſelf, and I perceived had an aſcendancy over the magiſtrate, I contented myſelf with ſaying, I was certain the two horſes had been put to the coach on purpoſe, either to hurt or frighten us; and that ſince I could not have juſtice here I would make a formal complaint to the Britiſh miniſter at Florence. In paſſing through the ſtreet to the coach, which was by this time furniſhed with freſh horſes, I met the hoſtler, and would have caned him heartily; but perceiving my intention, he took to his heels and vaniſhed. Of all the people I have ever ſeen, the hoſtlers, poſtilions, and other fellows hanging about the poſt-houſes in Italy, are the moſt greedy, impertinent, and provoking. Happy are thoſe travellers who have phlegm enough to diſregard their inſolence and importunity: for this is not ſo diſagreeable as their revenge is dangerous. An Engliſh gentleman at Florence told me, that one of thoſe fellows, whom

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whom he had ſtruck for his impertinence, flew at him with a long knife, and he could hardly keep him at ſword's point. All of them wear ſuch knives, and are very apt to uſe them on the ſlighteſt provocation. But their open attacks are not ſo formidable as their premeditated ſchemes of revenge; in the proſecution of which the Italians are equally treacherous and cruel.

This night we paſſed at a place called Radicofani, a village and fort, ſituated on the top of a very high mountain. The inn ſtands ſtill lower than the town. It was built at the expence of the laſt grand-duke of Tuſcany; is very large, very cold, and uncomfortable. One would imagine it was contrived for coolneſs, though ſituated ſo high, that even in the midſt of ſummer, a traveller would be glad to have a fire in his chamber. But few, or none of them have fireplaces, and there is not a bed with curtains or teſter in the houſe. All the adjacent country is naked and barren. On the third day we entered the pope's territories, ſome parts of which are delightful. Having paſſed Aqua-Pendente, a beggarly town, ſituated on the

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the top of a rock, from whence there is a romantic caſcade of water, which gives it the name, we travelled along the ſide of the lake Bolſena, a beautiful piece of water about thirty miles in circuit, with two iſlands in the middle, the banks covered with noble plantations of oak and cypreſs. The town of Bolſena ſtanding near the ruins of the antient Volſinium, which was the birth-place of Sejanus, is a paultry village; and Monteflaſcone, famous for its wine, is a poor decayed town in this neighbourhood, ſituated on the ſide of a hill, which, according to the author of the Grand Tour, was the only directory I had along with me, is ſuppoſed to be the Soracte of the ancients. If we may believe Horace, Soracte was viſible from Rome: for, in his ninth ode, addreſſed to Thaliarchus, he ſays,

Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte ——————

but, in order to ſee Monteflaſcone, his eye-ſight muſt have penetrated through the Mons Cyminus, at the foot of which ſtands the city of Viterbo. Pliny tells us, that Soracte

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was not far from Rome, *haud procul ab urbe Roma*; but Monteffaſcone is fifty miles from this city. And Deſprez, in his notes upon Horace, ſays it is now called Monte S. Oreſte. Addiſon tells us he paſſed by it in the Campania. I could not without indignation reflect upon the bigotry of Mathilda, who gave this fine country to the ſee of Rome, under the dominion of which no country was ever known to proſper.

About half way between Monteffaſcone and Viterbo, one of our fore-wheels flew off, together with a large ſplinter of the axle-tree; and if one of the poſtilions had not by great accident been a remarkably ingenious fellow, we ſhould have been put to the greateſt inconvenience, as there was no town, or even houſe, within ſeveral miles. I mention this circumſtance, by way of warning to other travellers, that they may provide themſelves with a hammer and nails, a ſpare iron-pin or two, a large knife, and bladder of greaſe, to be uſed occaſionally in caſe of ſuch misfortune.

The mountain of Viterbo is covered with beautiful plantations and villas belonging to the

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the Roman nobility, who come hither to make the *villegiatura* in ſummer. Of the city of Viterbo I ſhall ſay nothing, but that it is the capital of that country which Mathilda gave to the Roman ſee. The place is well built, adorned with public fountains, and a great number of churches and convents; yet far from being populous, the whole number of inhabitants, not exceeding fifteen thouſand. The poſt-houſe is one of the worſt inns I ever entered.

After having paſſed this mountain, the Cyminus of the antients, we ſkirted part of the lake, which is now called de Vico, and whoſe banks afford the moſt agreeable rural proſpects of hill and vale, wood, glade and water, ſhade and ſun-ſhine. A few other very inconſiderable places we paſſed, and deſcended into the Campania of Rome, which is almoſt a deſert. The view of this country, in its preſent ſituation, cannot but produce emotions of pity and indignation in the mind of every perſon who retains any idea of its antient cultivation and fertility. It is nothing but a naked withered down, deſolate and dreary, almoſt without inclоſure, corn-

field,

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field, hedge, tree, ſhrub, houſe, hut, or habitation; exhibiting here and there the ruins of an antient caſtellum, tomb, or temple, and in ſome places the remains of a Roman via. I heard much of theſe antient works, and was greatly diſappointed when I ſaw them. The Via Caſſia or Cymina is paved with broad, ſolid, flint-ſtones, which muſt have greatly incommoded the feet of horſes that travelled upon it, as well as endangered the lives of the riders from the ſlipperineſs of the pavement: beſides, it is ſo narrow that two modern carriages could not paſs one another upon it, without the moſt imminent hazard of being overturned. I am ſtill of opinion that we excel the ancient Romans in underſtanding the conveniencies of life.

The Grand Tour ſays, that within four miles of Rome you ſee a tomb on the road-ſide, ſaid to be that of Nero, with ſculpture in baſſo relievo at both ends. I did ſee ſuch a thing more like a common grave-ſtone, than the tomb of an emperor. But we are informed by Suetonius, that the dead body of Nero, who ſlew himſelf at the villa of his freedman, was by the care of his two nurſes

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and his concubine Acta, removed to the sepulchre of the Cens Domitia, immediately within the Porta del Popolo, on your left hand as you enter Rome, precisely on the spot where now stands the church of S. Maria del Popolo. His tomb was even distinguished by an epitaph, which has been preserved by Gruterus. Giacomo Alberici tells us very gravely in his History of the Church, that a great number of devils, who guarded the bones of this wicked emperor, took possession, in the shape of black ravens, of a walnut-tree, which grew upon the spot; from whence they insulted every passenger, until pope Paschal II. in consequence of a solemn fast and a revelation, went thither in procession with his court and cardinals, cut down the tree, burned it to ashes, which, with the bones of Nero, were thrown into the Tyber: then he consecrated an altar on the place, where afterwards the church was built. You may guess what I felt at first sight of the city of Rome, which, notwithstanding all the calamities it has undergone, still maintains an august and imperial appearance. It stands on the farther side of the Tyber, which we

crossed

crossed at the Ponte Molle, formerly called Pons Milvius, about two miles from the gate by which we entered. This bridge was built by Æmilius Censor, whose name it originally bore. It was the road by which so many heroes returned with conquest to their country; by which so many kings were led captive to Rome; and by which the ambassadors of so many kingdoms and states approached the seat of empire, to deprecate the wrath, to solicit the friendship, or sue for the protection of the Roman people. It is likewise famous for the defeat and death of Maxentius, who was here overcome by Constantine the Great. The space between the bridge and Porta del Popolo, on the right-hand, which is now taken up with gardens and villas, was part of the ancient Campus Martius, where the comitia were held, and where the Roman people inured themselves to all manner of exercises; it was adorned with porticos, temples, theatres, baths, circi, basilicæ, obelisks, columns, statues, and groves. Authors differ in their opinions about the extent of it; but as they all agree that it contained the Pantheon, the Circus Agonis, now the Piazza Navona, the Bustum

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and Mauſoleum Auguſti, great part of the modern city muſt be built upon the antient Campus Martius. The highway that leads from the bridge to the city, is part of the Via Flaminia, which extended as far as Rimini; and is well paved, like a modern ſtreet. Nothing of the antient bridge remains but the piles; nor is there any thing in the ſtructure of this, or of the other five Roman bridges over the Tyber, that deſerves attention. I have not ſeen any bridge in France or Italy, comparable to that of Weſtminſter, either in beauty, magnificence, or ſolidity; and when the bridge at Black-Friars is finiſhed, it will be ſuch a monument of architecture as all the world cannot parallel. As for the Tyber, it is, in compariſon with the Thames, no more than an inconſiderable ſtream, foul, deep, and rapid; navigable by ſmall boats, barks, and lighters; and, for the conveniency of loading and unloading them, there is a handſome quay by the new cuſtom-houſe, at the Porto di Ripetta, provided with ſtairs of each ſide, and adorned with an elegant fountain, that yields abundance of excellent water.

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We are told that the bed of this river has been conſiderably raiſed by the rubbiſh of old Rome, and this is the reaſon uſually given for its being ſo apt to overflow its banks. A citizen of Rome told me, that a friend of his lately digging to lay the foundation of a new houſe in the lower part of the city, near the bank of the river, diſcovered the pavement of an antient ſtreet, at the depth of thirty-nine feet from the preſent ſurface of the earth. He therefore concluded that modern Rome is near forty feet higher in this place, than the ſite of the antient city, and that the bed of the river is raiſed in proportion; but this is altogether incredible. Had the bed of the Tyber been antiently forty feet lower at Rome, than it is at preſent, there muſt have been a fall or cataract in it immediately above this tract, as it is not pretended that the bed of it is raiſed in any part above the city; otherwiſe ſuch an elevation would have obſtructed its courſe, and then it would have overflowed the whole Campania. There is nothing extraordinary in its preſent overflowings: they frequently happened of old, and did great miſchief to the antient city.

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Appian, Dio, and other historians, describe an inundation of the Tiber immediately after the death of Julius Cæsar, which inundation was occasioned by the sudden melting of a great quantity of snow which had fallen upon the Appenines. This calamity is recorded by Horace in his ode to Augustus.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Vestæ:
Iliæ dum se nimium querenti,
Jactat ultorem, vagus et sinistrâ
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante
Uxorius Amnis.

Livy expressly says, "*ita abundavit Tiberis, ut Ludi Apollinares, circo inundato, extra portam Collinam ad ædem Erycinæ Veneris parati sint*"—To this custom of transferring the *Ludi Apollinares* to another place where the Tyber had overflowed the *Circus Maximus*, Ovid alludes in his Fasti.

Altera gramineo spectabis equiriacampo
Quem Tiberis curvis in latus urget aquis.
Qui tamen ejecta si forte tenebitur unda,
Cælius accipiet pulverulentus equos.

The

The Porta del Popolo, (formerly Flaminia,) by which we entered Rome, is an elegant piece of architecture, adorned with marble columns and ſtatues, and executed after the deſign of Buonaroti. Within ſide you find yourſelf in a noble piazza, from whence three of the principal ſtreets of Rome are detached. It is adorned with the famous Ægyptian obeliſk, brought hither from the Circus Maximus, and ſet up by the architect Dominico Fontana in the pontificate of Sixtus V. Here is likewiſe a beautiful fountain deſigned by the ſame artiſt; and at the beginning of the two principal ſtreets, are two very elegant churches fronting each other. Such an auguſt entrance cannot fail to impreſs the ſtranger with a ſublime idea of this venerable city.

Having given our names at the gate, we repaired to the dogana, or cuſtom-houſe, where our trunks and carriage were ſearched; and here we were ſurrounded by a number of ſervitori de piazza, offering their ſervices with the moſt diſagreable importunity. Though I told them ſeveral times I had no occaſion for any, three of them took poſſeſſion of the

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coach, one mounting before and two of them behind; and thus we proceeded to the Piazza d'Espagna, where the person lived to whose house I was directed. Strangers that come to Rome seldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houses, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Espagna is open, airy, and pleasantly situated in a high part of the city immediately under the Colla Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here most of the English reside: the apartments are generally commodious and well furnished, and the lodgers are well supplied with provisions and all necessaries of life. But, if I studied economy, I would choose another part of the town than the Piazza d'Espagna, which is, besides, at a great distance from the antiquities. For a decent first floor and two bed-chambers on the second, I payed no more than a scudo (five shillings) per day. Our table was plentifully furnished by the landlord for two and thirty pauls, being equal to sixteen shillings. I hired a town-coach at the rate of fourteen pauls, or seven shillings a day; and a servitore di piazza for three pauls,

or

or eighteen-pence. The coachman has alſo an allowance of two pauls a day. The proviſions at Rome are reaſonable and good, eſpecially the vitella mongana, which is the moſt delicate veal I ever taſted, but very dear, being ſold for two pauls, or a ſhilling, the pound. Here are the rich wines of Montepulciano, Montefiaſcone, and Monte di Dragone; but what we commonly drink at meals is that of Orvieto, a ſmall white wine, of an agreeable flavour. Strangers are generally adviſed to employ an antiquarian to inſtruct them in all the curioſities of Rome; and this is a neceſſary expence, when a perſon wants to become a connoiſſeur in painting, ſtatuary, and architecture. For my own part I had no ſuch ambition. I longed to view the remains of antiquity by which this metropolis is diſtinguiſhed; and to contemplate the originals of many pictures and ſtatues, which I had admired in prints and deſcriptions. I therefore choſe a ſervant, who was recommended to me as a ſober intelligent fellow, acquainted with theſe matters: at the ſame time I furniſhed myſelf with maps and plans of antient and modern Rome, toge-

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ther with the little manual, called, *Itinerario istruttivo per ritrovare con facilità tutte le magnificenze di Roma e di alcune città, e castelli suburbani.* But I found still more satisfaction in perusing the book in three volumes, intitled, *Roma antica, e moderna*, which contains a description of every thing remarkable in and about the city, illustrated with a great number of copper-plates, and many curious historical annotations. This directory cost me a zequine; but a hundred zequines will not purchase all the books and prints which have been published at Rome on these subjects. Of these the most celebrated are the plates of Piranesi, who is not only an ingenious architect and engraver, but also a learned antiquarian; though he is apt to run riot in his conjectures; and with regard to the arts of antient Rome, has broached some doctrines, which he will find it very difficult to maintain. Our young gentlemen who go to Rome will do well to be upon their guard against a set of sharpers, (some of them of our own country,) who deal in pictures and antiques, and very often impose upon the uninformed stranger, by selling him trash,

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as the productions of the most celebrated artists. The English are more than any other foreigners exposed to this imposition. They are supposed to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of snares are layed for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unnecessary expence: but, what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy, they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, musick, statuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen in different parts of Italy, a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her national character into contempt: ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their understanding, or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped perhaps in the very first partie: another is poxed and pillaged by an anti-

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quated cantatrice: a third is bubbled by a knaviſh antiquarian; and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fiddlers, and pretend to compoſe: but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finiſhed connoiſſeurs and coxcombs, to their own country. The moſt remarkable phænomenon of this kind, which I have ſeen, is a boy of ſeventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auſpices of another boy of twenty-two. When you arrive at Rome, you receive cards from all your country-folks in that city: they expect to have the viſit returned next day, when they give orders not to be at home; and you never ſpeak to one another in the ſequel. This is a refinement in hoſpitality and politeneſs, which the Engliſh have invented by the ſtrength of their own genius, without any aſſiſtance either from France, Italy, or Lapland. No Engliſhman above the degree of a painter or cicerone frequents any coffee-houſe at Rome; and as there are no public diverſions, except in carnival-time, the only chance you have for ſeeing your compatriots, is

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is either in visiting the curiosities, or at a conversazione. The Italians are very scrupulous in admitting foreigners, except those who are introduced as people of quality: but if there happens to be any English lady of fashion at Rome, she generally keeps an assembly, to which the British subjects resort. In my next, I shall communicate, without ceremony or affectation, what further remarks I have made at Rome, without any pretence, however to the character of a connoisseur, which, without all doubt, would sit very awkwardly upon.

Dear Sir,

Your Friend and Servant,

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Nice, February 28, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the eyes of a ſtranger, eſpecially in the heats of ſummer, than the great number of public fountains that appear in every part of Rome, embelliſhed with all the ornaments of ſculpture, and pouring forth prodigious quantities of cool, delicious water, brought in aqueducts from different lakes, rivers, and ſources, at a conſiderable diſtance from the city. Theſe works are the remains of the munificence and induſtry of the antient Romans, who were extremely delicate in the article of water: but, however, great applauſe is alſo due to thoſe beneficent popes who have been at the expence of reſtoring and repairing thoſe noble channels of health, pleaſure, and convenience. This great plenty of water, nevertheleſs, has not induced the Romans to be cleanly. Their ſtreets, and

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even their palaces, are disgraced with filth. The noble Piazza Navona, is adorned with three or four fountains, one of which is perhaps the most magnificent that Europe can produce, and all of them discharge vast streams of water: but, notwithstanding this provision, the piazza is almost as dirty as West Smithfield, where the cattle are sold in London. The corridores, arcades, and even stair-cases belonging to their most elegant palaces, are depositories of nastiness, and indeed in summer smell as strong as spirit of hartshorn. I have a great notion that their ancestors were not much more cleanly. If we consider that the city and suburbs of Rome, in the reign of Claudius, contained about seven millions of inhabitants, a number equal at least to the sum total of all the souls in England; that great part of antient Rome was allotted to temples, porticos, basilicæ, theatres, thermæ, circi, public and private walks and gardens, where very few, if any, of this great number lodged; that by far the greater part of those inhabitants were slaves and poor people, who did not enjoy the conveniencies of life; and that the use of

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linen was ſcarce known; we muſt naturally conclude they were ſtrangely crouded together, and that in general they were a very frowzy generation. That they were crouded together appears from the height of their houſes, which the poet Rutilius compared to towers made for ſcaling heaven. In order to remedy this inconvenience, Auguſtus Cæſar publiſhed a decree, that for the future no houſes ſhould be built above ſeventy feet high, which, at a moderate computation, might make ſix ſtories. But what ſeems to prove, beyond all diſpute, that the antient Romans were dirty creatures, are theſe two particulars. Veſpaſian laid a tax upon urine and ordure, on pretence of being at a great expence in clearing the ſtreets from ſuch nuſances; an impoſition which amounted to about fourteen pence a year for every individual; and when Heliogabalus ordered all the cobwebs of the city and ſuburbs to be collected, they were found to weigh ten thouſand pounds. This was intended as a demonſtration of the great number of inhabitants; but it was a proof of their dirt, rather than of their populoſity. I might

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likewiſe add, the delicate cuſtom of taking vomits at each other's houſes, when they were invited to dinner, or ſupper, that they might prepare their ſtomachs for gormandizing; a beaſtly proof of their naſtineſs as well as gluttony. Horace, in his deſcription of the banquet of Naſiedenus, ſays, when the canopy, under which they ſat, fell down, it brought along with it as much dirt as is raiſed by a hard gale of wind in dry weather.

——"*trahentia pulveris atri,*
Quantum non aquilo Campanis excitat agris."

I might obſerve, that the ſtreets were often encumbered with the putrifying carcaſſes of criminals, who had been dragged through them by the heels, and precipitated from the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, or Tarpeian rock, before they were thrown into the Tyber, which was the general receptacle of the *cloaca maxima* and all the filth of Rome: beſides, the bodies of all thoſe who made away with themſelves, without ſufficient cauſe; of ſuch as were condemned for ſacrilege, or killed by thunder, were left unburned and unburied, to rot above ground.

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I believe the moderns retain more of the cuſtoms of the antient Romans, than is generally imagined. When I firſt ſaw the infants at the *enfans trouvés* in Paris, ſo ſwathed with bandages, that the very ſight of them made my eyes water, I little dreamed, that the preſcription of the antients could be pleaded for this cuſtom, equally ſhocking and abſurd: but in the Capitol at Rome, I met with the antique ſtatue of a child *emaillotté* exactly in the ſame manner; rolled up like an Ægyptian mummy from the feet. The circulation of the blood, in ſuch a caſe, muſt be obſtructed on the whole ſurface of the body; and nothing at liberty but the head, which is the only part of the child that ought to be confined. Is it not ſurpriſing that common ſenſe ſhould not point out, even to the moſt ignorant, that thoſe accurſed bandages muſt heat the tender infant into a fever; muſt hinder the action of the muſcles, and the play of the joints, ſo neceſſary to health and nutrition; and that while the refluent blood is obſtructed in the veins, which run on the ſurface of the body, the arteries, which lie deep, without the reach

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of compreſſion, are continually pouring their contents into the head, where the blood meets with no reſiſtance? The veſſels of the brain are naturally lax, and the very ſutures of the ſkull are yet uncloſed. What are the conſequences of this cruel ſwaddling? the limbs are waſted; the joints grow rickety; the brain is compreſſed, and a hydrocephalus, with a great head and ſore eyes, enſues. I take this abominable practice to be one great cauſe of the bandy legs, diminutive bodies, and large heads, ſo frequent in the ſouth of France, and in Italy.

I was no leſs ſurpriſed to find the modern faſhion of curling the hair, borrowed in a great meaſure from the coxcombs and coquettes of antiquity. I ſaw a buſt of Nero in the gallery at Florence, the hair repreſented in rows of buckles, like that of a French petit-maitre, conformable to the picture drawn of him by Suetonius. *Circa cultum adeo pudendum, ut comam ſemper in gradus formatam peregrinatione achaica, etiam pene verticem ſumpſerit.* I was very ſorry however to find that this foppery came from Greece. As for Otho, he wore a galericulum, or tour, on account

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of thin hair, *propter raritatem capillorum*. He had no right to imitate the example of Julius Cæsar, who concealed his bald head with a wreath of laurel. But there is a buſt in the Capitol of Julia Pia, the ſecond wife of Septimius Severus, with a moveable peruke, dreſſed exactly in the faſhionable mode, with this difference, that there is no part of it frizzled; nor is there any appearance of pomatum and powder. Theſe improvements the beau-monde have borrowed from the natives of the Cape of Good Hope.

Modern Rome does not cover more than one-third of the ſpace within the walls; and thoſe parts that were moſt frequented of old are now intirely abandoned. From the Capitol to the Coliſeum, including the Forum Romanum and Boarium, there is nothing intire but one or two churches, built with the fragments of ancient edifices. You deſcend from the Capitol between the remaining pillars of two temples, the pedeſtals and part of the ſhafts ſunk in the rubbiſh: then paſſing through the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, you proceed along the foot of Mons Palatinus, which ſtands on your right hand, quite

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quite covered with the ruins of the antient palace belonging to the Roman emperors, and at the foot of it, there are ſome beautiful detached pillars ſtill ſtanding. On the left you ſee the remains of the *Templum Pacis*, which ſeems to have been the largeſt and moſt magnificent of all the temples in Rome. It was built and dedicated by the emperor Veſpaſian, who brought into it all the treaſure and precious veſſels which he found in the temple of Jeruſalem. The columns of the portico he removed from Nero's golden houſe, which he levelled with the ground. This temple was likewiſe famous for its library, mentioned by Aulus Gellius. Farther on, is the arch of Conſtantine on the right, a moſt noble piece of architecture, almoſt entire; with the remains of the *Meta Sudans* before it; and fronting you, the noble ruins of that vaſt amphitheatre, called the Coloſſæum, now Coliſeo, which has been diſmantled and dilapidated by the Gothic popes and princes of modern Rome, to build and adorn their paultry palaces. Behind the amphitheatre were the thermæ of the ſame emperor Titus Veſpaſian. In the ſame quarter was the *Circus Maximus*;

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and the whole ſpace from hence on both ſides, to the walls of Rome, comprehending above twice as much ground as the modern city, is almoſt covered with the monuments of antiquity. I ſuppoſe there is more concealed below ground than appears above. The miſerable houſes, and even garden-walls of the peaſants in this diſtrict, are built with theſe precious materials, I mean ſhafts and capitals of marble columns, heads, arms, legs, and mutilated trunks of ſtatues. What pity it is that among all the remains of antiquity, at Rome, there is not one lodging-houſe remaining. I ſhould be glad to know how the ſenators of Rome were lodged. I want to be better informed touching the *cava ædium*, the *focus*, the *ara deorum penatum*, the *conclavia*, *trilinica*, and *cænationes*; the *atria* where the women reſided, and employed themſelves in the woolen manufacture; the *prætoria*, which were ſo ſpacious as to become a nuſance in the reign of Auguſtus; and the *Xyſta*, which were ſhady walks between two porticos, where the men exerciſed themſelves in the winter. I am diſguſted by the modern taſte of architecture, though I am no judge

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of the art. The churches and palaces of theſe days are crowded with petty ornaments, which diſtract the eye, and by breaking the deſign into a variety of little parts, deſtroy the effect of the whole. Every door and window has its ſeparate ornaments, its moulding, frize, cornice, and tympanum; then there is ſuch an aſſemblage of uſeleſs feſtoons, pillars, pilaſters, with their architraves, entablatures, and I know not what, that nothing great or uniform remains to fill the view; and we in vain look for that ſimplicity of grandeur, thoſe large maſſes of light and ſhadow, and the inexpreſſible ΕΥΣΥΝΟΠΤΟΝ, which characteriſe the edifices of the antients. A great edifice, to have its full effect, ought to be *iſolé*, that is detached from all others, with a large ſpace around it: but the palaces of Rome, and indeed of all the other cities of Italy, which I have ſeen, are ſo engaged among other mean houſes, that their beauty and magnificence are in a great meaſure concealed. Even thoſe which face open ſtreets and piazzas are only clear in front. The other apartments are darkened by the vicinity of ordinary houſes; and their

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views are confined by dirty and disagreeable objects. Within the court there is generally a noble colonnade all round, and an open corridore above: but the ſtairs are uſually narrow, ſteep, and high: the want of faſh-windows, the dullneſs of their ſmall glaſs lozenges, the duſty brick floors, and the crimſon hangings laced with gold, contribute to give a gloomy air to their apartments; I might add to theſe cauſes, a number of pictures executed on melancholy ſubjects, antique mutilated ſtatues, buſts, baſſo relievos, urns, and ſepulchral ſtones, with which their rooms are adorned. It muſt be owned, however, there are ſome exceptions to this general rule. The villa of cardinal Alexander Albani is light, gay, and airy; yet the rooms are too ſmall, and too much decorated with carving and gilding, which is a kind of gingerbread work. The apartments of one of the princes Borgheſe are furniſhed in the Engliſh taſte; and in the *palazzo di colonna conneſtabile*, there is a ſaloon, or gallery, which, for the proportions, lights, furniture, and ornaments, is the moſt noble, elegant, and agreeable apratment I ever ſaw.

I

It is diverting to hear an Italian expatiate upon the greatneſs of modern Rome. He will tell you there are above three hundred palaces in the city; that there is ſcarce a Roman prince, whoſe revenue does not exceed two hundred thouſand crowns; and that Rome produces not only the moſt learned men, but alſo the moſt refined politicians in the univerſe. To one of them talking in this ſtrain, I replied, that inſtead of three hundred palaces, the number did not exceed fourſcore; that I had been informed, on good authority, there were not ſix individuals in Rome who had ſo much as forty thouſand crowns a year, about ten thouſand pounds ſterling; and that to ſay their princes were ſo rich, and their politicians ſo refined, was, in effect, a ſevere ſatire upon them, for not employing their wealth and their talents for the advantage of their country. I aſked why their cardinals and princes did not invite and encourage induſtrious people to ſettle and cultivate the Campania of Rome, which is a deſert? why they did not raiſe a ſubſcription to drain the marſhes in the neighbourhood

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of the city, and thus meliorate the air, which is rendered extremely unwholſome in the ſummer, by putrid exhalations from thoſe morraſſes? I demanded of them, why they did not contribute their wealth, and exert their political refinements, in augmenting their forces by ſea and land, for the defence of their country, introducing commerce and manufactures, and in giving ſome conſequence to their ſtate, which was no more than a mite in the political ſcale of Europe? I expreſſed a deſire to know what became of all thoſe ſums of money, inaſmuch as there was hardly any circulation of gold and ſilver in Rome, and the very bankers, on whom ſtrangers have their credit, make intereſt to pay their tradeſmen's bills with paper notes of the bank of Spirito Santo? And now I am upon this ſubject, it may not be amiſs to obſerve that I was ſtrangely miſled by all the books I conſulted about the current coin of Italy. In Tuſcany, and the Eccleſiaſtical State, one ſees nothing but zequines in gold, and pieces of two paoli, one paolo, and half a paolo, in ſilver. Beſides theſe, there is a copper coin

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at Rome, called bajocco and mezzo bajocco. Ten bajocchi make a ſcudo, which is an imaginary piece: two ſcudi make a zequine; and a French loui'dore is worth about two zequines.

Rome has nothing to fear from the catholic powers, who reſpect it with a ſuperſtitious veneration as the metropolitan ſeat of their religion: but the popes will do well to avoid miſunderſtandings with the maritime proteſtant ſtates, eſpecially the Engliſh, who being maſters of the Mediterranean, and in poſſeſſion of Minorca, have it in their power at all times, to land a body of troops within four leagues of Rome, and to take the city, without oppoſition. Rome is ſurrounded with an old wall, but altogether incapable of defence. Or if it was, the circuit of the walls is ſo extenſive, that it would require a garriſon of twenty thouſand men. The only appearance of a fortification in this city, is the caſtle of St. Angelo, ſituated on the further bank of the Tyber, to which there is acceſs by a handſome bridge: but this caſtle, which was formerly the *moles Adriani*, could

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not hold out half a day againſt a battery of ten pieces of cannon properly directed. It was an expedient left to the invention of the modern Romans, to convert an ancient tomb into a citadel. It could only ſerve as a temporary retreat for the pope in times of popular commotion, and on other ſudden emergencies; as it happened in the caſe of pope Clement VII. when the troops of the emperor took the city by aſſault; and this only, while he reſided at the Vatican, from whence there is a covered gallery continued to the caſtle: it can never ſerve this purpoſe again, while the pontiff lives on Monte Cavallo, which is at the other end of the city. The caſtle of St. Angelo, howſoever ridiculous as a fortreſs, appears reſpectable as a noble monument of antiquity, and though ſtanding in a low ſituation, is one of the firſt objects that ſtrike the eye of a ſtranger approaching Rome. On the oppoſite ſide of the river, are the wretched remains of the Mauſoleum Auguſti, which was ſtill more magnificent. Part of the walls is ſtanding, and the terraces are converted into garden-ground. In viewing

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these ruins, I remembered Virgil's pathetic description of Marcellus, who was here intombed.

Quantos ille virum, magnum mavortis ad urbem.
Campus aget gemitus, vel que Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum preter labere recentem!

The beautiful poem of Ovid *de Consolatione ad Liviam*, written after the ashes of Augustus and his nephew Marcellus, of Germanicus, Agrippa, and Drusus, were deposited in this mausoleum, concludes with these lines, which are extremely tender:

Claudite jam Parcæ nimium reserata sepulchra;
Claudite, plus justo, jam domus ista patet!

What the author said of the monument, you will be tempted to say of this letter, which I shall therefore close in the old stile, assuring you that I ever am,

Yours most affectionately.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXI.

Nice, March 5, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

IN my laſt I gave you my opinion freely of the modern palaces of Italy. I ſhall now hazard my thoughts upon the gardens of this country, which the inhabitants extol with all the hyperboles of admiration and applauſe. I muſt acknowledge however, I have not ſeen the famous villas at Fraſcati and Tivoli, which are celebrated for their gardens and water-works. I intended to viſit theſe places; but was prevented by an unexpected change of weather, which deterred me from going to the country. On the laſt day of September the mountains of Paleſtrina were covered with ſnow; and the air became ſo cold at Rome, that I was forced to put on my winter cloaths. This objection continued, till I found it neceſſary to ſet out on my return to Florence. But I have ſeen the gardens of the *Poggio Imperiale*, and the *Palazzo de Pitti* at

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at Florence, and thoſe of the Vatican, of the pope's palace on Monte Cavallo, of the Villa Ludoviſia, Medicea, and Pinciana, at Rome; ſo that I think I have ſome right to judge of the Italian taſte in gardening. Among thoſe I have mentioned, that of the Villa Pinciana, is the moſt remarkable, and the moſt extenſive, including a ſpace of three miles in circuit, hard by the walls of Rome, containing a variety of ſituations high and low, which favour all the natural embelliſhments one would expect to meet with in a garden, and exhibit a diverſity of noble views of the city and adjacent country.

In a fine extenſive garden or park, an Engliſhman expects to ſee a number of groves and glades, intermixed with an agreeable negligence, which ſeems to be the effect of nature and accident. He looks for ſhady walks encruſted with gravel; for open lawns covered with verdure as ſmooth as velvet, but much more lively and agreeable; for ponds, canals, baſins, cafcades, and running ſtreams of water; for clumps of trees, woods, and wilderneſſes, cut into delightful alleys, perfumed with honey-ſuckle and ſweet-briar, and re-

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ſounding with the mingled melody of all the ſinging birds of heaven: he looks for plats of flowers in different parts to refreſh the ſenſe, and pleaſe the fancy; for arbours, grottos, hermitages, temples, and alcoves, to ſhelter him from the ſun, and afford him means of contemplation and repoſe; and he expects to find the hedges, groves, and walks, and lawns kept with the utmoſt order and propriety. He who loves the beauties of ſimple nature, and the charms of neatneſs, will ſeek for them in vain amidſt the groves of Italy. In the garden of the Villa Pinciana, there is a plantation of four hundred pines, or rather firs, which the Italians view with rapture and admiration: there is likewiſe a long walk, of trees extending from the garden-gate to the palace; and plenty of ſhade, with alleys and hedges in different parts of the ground: but the groves are neglected; the walks are laid with nothing but common mould or ſand, black and duſty; the hedges are tall, thin and ſhabby; the trees ſtunted; the open ground, brown and parched, has ſcarce any appearance of verdure. The flat, regular alleys of evergreens are cut into fantaſtic

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fantaſtic figures; the flower gardens embelliſhed with thin cyphers and flouriſhed figures in box, while the flowers grow in rows of earthen-pots, and the ground appears as duſky as if it was covered with the cinders of a blackſmith's forge. The water, of which there is great plenty, inſtead of being collected in large pieces, or conveyed in little rivulets and ſtreams to refreſh the thirſty ſoil, or managed ſo as to form agreeable caſcades, is ſquirted from fountains in different parts of the garden, through tubes little bigger than common glyſter-pipes. It muſt be owned indeed that the fountains have their merit in the way of ſculpture and architecture; and that here is a great number of ſtatues which merit attention: but they ſerve only to encumber the ground, and deſtroy that effect of rural ſimplicity, which our gardens are deſigned to produce. In a word, here we ſee a variety of walks and groves and fountains, a wood of four hundred pines, a paddock with a few meagre deer, a flower-garden, an aviary, a grotto, and a fiſh-pond; and in ſpite of all theſe particulars, it is, in my opinion, a very contemptible garden,

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when compared to that of Stowe in Buckinghamſhire, or even to thoſe of Kenſington and Richmond. The Italians underſtand, becauſe they ſtudy, the excellencies of art; but they have no idea of the beauties of nature. This Villa Pinciana, which belongs to the Borgheſe family, would make a complete academy for painting and ſculpture, eſpecially for the ſtudy of antient marbles; for, excluſive of the ſtatues and buſts in the garden, and the vaſt collection in the different apartments, almoſt the whole outſide of the houſe is covered with curious pieces in baſſo and alto relievo. The moſt maſterly is that of Curtius on horſeback, leaping into the gulph or opening of the earth, which is ſaid to have cloſed on receiving this ſacrifice. Among the exhibitions of art within the houſe, I was much ſtruck with a Bacchus, and the death of Meleager, repreſented on an antient ſepulchre. There is alſo an admirable ſtatue of Silenus, with the infant Bacchus in his arms; a moſt beautiful gladiator; a curious Moor of black marble, with a ſhirt of white alabaſter; a finely proportioned bull of black marble alſo, ſtanding

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upon a table of alabaſter; a black gipſey with a head, hands, and feet of braſs; and the famous hermaphrodite, which vies with that of Florence: though the moſt curious circumſtance of this article, is the mattraſs executed and placed by Bernini, with ſuch art and dexterity, that to the view, it rivals the ſoftneſs of wool, and ſeems to retain the marks of preſſure, according to the figure of the ſuperincumbent ſtatue. Let us likewiſe own, for the honour of the moderns, that the ſame artiſt has produced two fine ſtatues, which we find among the ornaments of this villa, namely, a David with his ſling in the attitude of throwing the ſtone at the giant Goliah; and a Daphne changing into laurel at the approach of Apollo. On the baſe of this figure, are the two following elegant lines, written by pope Urban VIII. in his younger years.

Quiſquis amans ſequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

I ought not to forget two exquiſite antique ſtatues of Venus, the weeping ſlave, and the youth pulling a thorn out of his foot.

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I do not pretend to give a methodical detail of the curioſities of Rome: they have been already deſcribed by different authors, who were much better qualified than I am for the taſk: but you ſhall have what obſervations I made on the moſt remarkable objects, without method, juſt as they occur to my remembrance; and I proteſt the remarks are all my own: ſo that if they deſerve any commendation, I claim all the merit; and if they are impertinent, I muſt be contented to bear all the blame.

The piazza of St. Peter's church is altogether ſublime. The double colonnade on each ſide extending in a ſemi-circular ſweep, the ſtupendous Ægyptian obeliſk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form ſuch an aſſemblage of magnificent objects, as cannot fail to impreſs the mind with awe and admiration: but the church would have produced a ſtill greater effect, had it been detached entirely from the buildings of the Vatican. It would then have been a maſter-piece of architecture, complete in all its parts, intire and perfect: whereas, at preſent, it is no more than a beautiful

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tiful member attached to a vaſt undigeſted and irregular pile of building. As to the architecture of this famous temple, I ſhall ſay nothing; neither do I pretend to deſcribe the internal ornaments. The great picture of Moſaic work, and that of St. Peter's bark toſſed by the tempeſt, which appear over the gate of the church, though rude in compariſon with modern pieces, are nevertheleſs great curioſities, when conſidered as the work of Giotto, who flouriſhed in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His maſter was Cimabue, who learned painting and architecture of the Grecian artiſts, who came from Conſtantinople, and firſt revived theſe arts in Italy. But, to return to St. Peter's, I was not at all pleaſed with the famous ſtatue of the dead Chriſt in his mother's lap, by Michael Angelo. The figure of Chriſt is as much emaciated, as if he had died of a conſumption: beſides, there is ſomething indelicate, not to ſay indecent, in the attitude and deſign of a man's body, ſtark naked, lying upon the knees of a woman. Here are ſome good pictures, I ſhould rather ſay copies of good pictures, done in Moſaic to great per-

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fection; particularly a St. Sebaſtian by Domenichino, and Michael the Archangel, from a painting of Guido Rheni. I am extremely fond of all this artiſt's pieces. There is a tenderneſs and delicacy in his manner, and his figures are all exquiſitely beautiful, though his expreſſion is often erroneous, and his attitudes are always affected and unnatural. In this very piece the archangel has all the air of a French dancing-maſter; and I have ſeen a Madonna by the ſame hand, I think it is in the Palazzo di Barberini, in which, though the figures are enchanting, the Virgin is repreſented holding up the drapery of the Infant, with the ridiculous affectation of a ſinger on the ſtage of our Italian opera. The Moſaic work, though brought to a wonderful degree of improvement, and admirably calculated for churches, the dampneſs of which is pernicious to the colours of the pallet, I will not yet compare to the productions of the pencil. The glaſſyneſs (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) of the ſurface, throws, in my opinion, a falſe light on ſome parts of the picture; and when you approach it, the joinings of the pieces look like

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so many cracks on painted canvas. Besides, this method is extremely tedious and expensive. I went to see the artists at work, in a house that stands near the church, where I was much pleased with the ingenuity of the process, and not a little surprized at the great number of different colours and tints, which are kept in separate draws, marked with numbers as far as seventeen thousand. For a single head done in Mosaic, they asked me fifty zequines. But to return to the church. The altar of St. Peter's choir, notwithstanding all the ornaments which have been lavished upon it, is no more than a heap of puerile finery, better adapted to an Indian pagod, than to a temple built upon the principles of the Greek architecture. The four colossal figures that support the chair, are both clumsy and disproportioned. The drapery of statues, whether in brass or stone, when thrown into large masses, appears hard and unpleasant to the eye; and for that reason the antients always imitated wet linen, which exhibiting the shape of the limbs underneath, and hanging in a multiplicity of wet folds, gives an air of lightness, softness, and ductility to the whole.

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These two ſtatues weigh 16257 pounds, and as they ſuſtain nothing but a chair, are out of all proportion, inaſmuch as the ſupporters ought to be ſuitable to the things ſupported. Here are four giants holding up the old wooden chair of the apoſtle Peter, if we may believe the book *De Identitate Cathedræ Romanæ*. The implements of popiſh ſuperſtition; ſuch as relicks of pretended ſaints, ill proportioned ſpires and bellfreys, and the nauſeous repetition of the figure of the croſs, which is in itſelf a very mean and diſagreeable object, only fit for the priſons of condemned criminals, have contributed to introduce a vitious taſte into the external architecture, as well as in the internal ornaments of our temples. All churches are built in the figure of a croſs, which effectually prevents the eye from taking in the ſcope of the building, either without ſide or within; conſequently robs the edifice of its proper effect. The palace of the Eſcurial in Spain is laid out in the ſhape of a gridiron, becauſe the convent was built in conſequence of a vow to St. Laurence, who was broiled to death like a barbecued pig. What pity it

is,

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is, that the labours of painting should have been so much employed on the shocking subjects of the martyrology. Besides numberless pictures of the flagellation, crucifixion, and descent from the cross, we have Judith with the head of Holofernes, Herodias with the head of John the Baptist, Jael assassinating Sisera in his sleep, Peter writhing on the cross, Stephen battered with stones, Sebastian struck full of arrows, Laurence frying upon the coals, Bartholomew fleaed alive, and a hundred other pictures equally frightful, which can only serve to fill the mind with gloomy ideas, and encourage a spirit of religious fanaticism, which has always been attended with mischievous consequences to the community where it reigned.

The tribune of the great altar, consisting of four wreathed brass pillars, gilt, supporting a canopy, is doubtless very magnificent, if not over-charged with sculpture, fluting, foliage, festoons, and figures of boys and angels, which, with the hundred and twenty-two lamps of silver, continually burning below, serve rather to dazzle the eyes, and kindle the devotion of the ignorant vulgar, than

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than to excite the admiration of a judicious observer.

There is nothing, I believe, in this famous structure, so worthy of applause, as the admirable symmetry and proportion of its parts. Notwithstanding all the carving, gilding, bassi relievos, medallions, urns, statues, columns, and pictures with which it abounds, it does not, on the whole, appear over-crouded with ornaments. When you first enter, your eye is filled so equally and regularly, that nothing appears stupendous; and the church seems considerably smaller than it really is. The statues of children, that support the founts of holy water when observed from the door, seem to be of the natural size; but as you draw near, you perceive they are gigantic. In the same manner, the figures of the doves, with olive branches in their beaks, which are represented on the wall, appear to be within your reach; but as you approach them, they recede to a considerable height, as if they had flown upwards to avoid being taken.

I was much disappointed at sight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top.

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The portico which Agrippa added to the building, is undoubtedly very noble, though, in my opinion, it corresponds but ill with the simplicity of the edifice. With all my veneration for the antients, I cannot see in what the beauty of the rotunda consists. It is no more than a plain unpierced cylinder, or circular wall, with two fillets and a cornice, having a vaulted roof or cupola, open in the centre. I mean the original building, without considering the vestibule of Agrippa. Within side it has much the air of a mausoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, suggested the thought to Boniface IV. to transport hither eight and twenty cart-loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the blessed Virgin and all the holy martyrs. I am not one of those who think it is well lighted by the hole at the top, which is about nine and twenty feet in diameter, although the author of the Grand Tour calls it but nine. The same author says, there is a descent of eleven steps to go into it; that it is a hundred and forty-four feet in heighth, and as many in breadth; that it was covered with copper, which,

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which, with the braſs nails of the portico, pope Urban VIII. took away, and converted into the four wreathed pillars that ſupport the canopy of the high altar in the church of St. Peter, &c. The truth is, before the time of pope Alexander VII. the earth was ſo raiſed as to cover part of the temple, and there was a deſcent of ſome ſteps into the porch: but that pontiff ordered the ground to be pared away to the very pedeſtal or baſe of the portico, which is now even with the ſtreet, ſo that there is no deſcent whatſoever. The height is two hundred palmi, and the breadth two hundred and eighteen; which, reckoning the palmi at nine inches, will bring the height to one hundred and fifty, and the breadth to one hundred and ſixty-three feet ſix inches. It was not any covering of copper which pope Urban VIII. removed, but large braſs beams, which ſupported the roof of the portico. They weighed 186392 pounds; and afforded metal enough not only for the pillars in St. Peter's church, but alſo for ſeveral pieces of artillery. What is more extraordinary, the gilding of thoſe columns is ſaid to have coſt

forty

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forty thousand golden crowns: sure money was never worse laid out. Urban VIII. likewise added two belfrey towers to the rotunda; and I wonder he did not cover the central hole with glass, as it must be very inconvenient and disagreeable to those who go to church below, to be exposed to the rain in wet weather, which must also render it very damp and unwholesome. I visited it several times, and each time it looked more and more gloomy and sepulchral.

The magnificence of the Romans was not so conspicuous in their temples, as in their theatres, amphitheatres, circusses, naumachia, aqueducts, triumphal arches, porticoes, basilicæ, but especially their thermæ, or bathing-places. A great number of their temples were small and inconsiderable; not one of them was comparable either for size or magnificence, to the modern church of St. Peter of the Vatican. The famous temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was neither half so long, nor half so broad: it was but two hundred feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-five in breadth; whereas the length of St. Peter's extends to six hundred and thirty-eight feet,

and

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and the breadth to above five hundred. It is very near twice as large as the temple of Jupiter Olympius in Greece, which was counted one of the ſeven wonders of the world. But I ſhall take another opportunity to explain myſelf further on the antiquities of this city; a ſubject, upon which I am diſpoſed to be (perhaps impertinently) circumſtantial. When I begin to run riot, you ſhould check me with the freedom of a friend. The moſt diſtant hint will be ſufficient to,

Dear Sir,

Yours aſſuredly.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

Nice, March 10, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE Coloſſæum or amphitheatre built by Flavius Veſpaſian, is the moſt ſtupendous work of the kind which antiquity can produce. Near one half of the external circuit ſtill remains, conſiſting of four tire of arcades, adorned with columns of four orders, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Compoſite. The height and extent of it may be gueſſed from the number of ſpectators it contained, amounting to one hundred thouſand; and yet, according to Fontana's menſuration, it could not contain above thirty-four thouſand perſons ſitting, allowing a foot and an half for each perſon: for the circuit of the whole building did not exceed one thouſand five hundred and ſixty feet. The amphitheatre at Verona is one thouſand two hundred and ninety feet in circumference; and that of

Niſmes,

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Niſmes, one thouſand and eighty. The Coloſſæum was built by Veſpaſian, who employed thirty thouſand Jewiſh ſlaves in the work; but finiſhed and dedicated by his ſon Titus, who, on the firſt day of its being opened, produced fifty thouſand wild beaſts, which were all killed in the arena. The Romans were undoubtedly a barbarous people, who delighted in horrible ſpectacles. They viewed with pleaſure the dead bodies of criminals dragged through the ſtreets, or thrown down the Scalæ Gemoniæ and Tarpeian rock, for their contemplation. Their roſtra were generally adorned with the heads of ſome remarkable citizens, like Temple-Bar, at London. They even bore the ſight of Tully's head fixed upon that very roſtrum where he had ſo often raviſhed their ears with all the charms of eloquence, in pleading the cauſe of innocence and public virtue. They took delight in ſeeing their fellow-creatures torn in pieces by wild beaſts, in the amphitheatre. They ſhouted with applauſe when they ſaw a poor dwarf or ſlave killed by his adverſary; but their tranſports were altogether extravagant, when the devoted captives were obliged to fight

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fight in troops, till one ſide was entirely butchered by the other. Nero produced four hundred ſenators, and ſix hundred of the equeſtrian order, as gladiators in the public arena: even the women fought with wild beaſts, as well as with each other, and drenched the amphitheatres with their blood. Tacitus ſays, "*Sed fœminarum illuſtrium, ſenatorumque filiorum plures per arenam fœdati ſunt.*" The execrable cuſtom of ſacrificing captives or ſlaves at the tombs of their maſters and great men, which is ſtill preſerved among the negroes of Africa, obtained alſo among the antients, Greeks as well as Romans. I could never, without horror and indignation, read that paſſage in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, which deſcribes twelve valiant Trojan captives ſacrificed by the inhuman Achilles at the tomb of his friend Patroclus.

Δώδεκα μεν Τρώων μεγαθυμων υἱας ἰσθλὰς
Τὰς ἅμα σοι πάντας πῦρ ἐσθίει.

It is not at all clear to me, that a people is the more brave, the more they are accuſtomed to bloodſhed in their public entertainments. True bravery is not ſavage but humane.

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Some of this ſanguinary ſpirit is inherited by the inhabitants of a certain iſland that ſhall be nameleſs—but, mum for that. You will naturally ſuppoſe that the Coliſeo was ruined by the barbarians who ſacked the city of Rome: in effect, they robbed it of its ornaments and valuable materials; but it was reſerved for the Goths and Vandals of modern Rome, to diſmantle the edifice, and reduce it to its preſent ruinous condition. One part of it was demoliſhed by pope Paul II. that he might employ the ſtones of it in building the palace of St. Mark. It was afterwards dilapidated for the ſame purpoſes, by the cardinals Riarius and Farneſe, which laſt aſſumed the tiara under the name of Paul III. Notwithſtanding theſe injuries, there is enough ſtanding to convey a very ſublime idea of antient magnificence.

The Circi and Naumachia, if conſidered as buildings and artificial baſins, are admirable; but if examined as areæ intended for horſe and chariot-races, and artificial ſeas for exhibiting naval engagements, they ſeem to prove that the antient Romans were but indifferently ſkilled and exerciſed either in horſemanſhip

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manſhip or naval armaments. The incloſure of the emperor Caracalla's circus is ſtill ſtanding, and ſcarce affords breathing room for an Engliſh hunter. The Circus Maximus, by far the largeſt in Rome, was not ſo long as the Mall; and I will venture to affirm, that St. James's Park would make a much more ample and convenient ſcene for thoſe diverſions. I imagine an old Roman would be very much ſurpriſed to ſee an Engliſh race on the courſe at New-Market. The Circus Maximus was but three hundred yards in breadth. A good part of this was taken up by the ſpina, or middle ſpace, adorned with temples, ſtatues, and two great obeliſks; as well as by the euripus, or canal, made by order of Julius Cæſar, to contain crocodiles, and other aquatic animals, which were killed occaſionally. This was ſo large, that Heliogabalus, having filled it with excellent wine, exhibited naval engagements in it, for the amuſement of the people. It ſurrounded three ſides of the ſquare, ſo that the whole extent of the race did not much exceed an Engliſh mile; and when Probus was at the expence of filling the plain of it with fir-trees to form a wood for

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the chace of wild beaſts, I queſtion much if this foreſt was more extenſive than the plantation in St. James's Park, on the ſouth ſide of the canal: now I leave you to judge what ridicule a king of England would incur by converting this part of the park into a chace for any ſpecies of animals which are counted game in our country.

The Roman emperors ſeemed more diſpoſed to elevate and ſurprize, than to conduct the public diverſions according to the rules of reaſon and propriety. One would imagine, it was with this view they inſtituted their naumachia, or naval engagements, performed by half a dozen ſmall gallies of a ſide in an artificial baſin of freſh water. Theſe gallies I ſuppoſe were not ſo large as common fiſhing-ſmacks, for they were moved by two, three, and four oars of a ſide, according to their different rates, biremes, triremes, and quadriremes. I know this is a knotty point not yet determined; and that ſome antiquarians believe the Roman gallies had different tires or decks of oars; but this is a notion very ill ſupported, and quite contrary to all the figures of them that are preſerved

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ſerved on antient coins and medals. Suetonius in the reign of Domitian, ſpeaking of theſe naumachia, ſays, "*Edidit navales pugnas, pene juſtarum claſſium, effoſſo, et circumducto juxta Tyberim Lacu, atque inter maximas imbres proſpectavit.*" This artificial lake was not larger than the piece of water in Hyde-Park; and yet the hiſtorian ſays, it was almoſt large enough for real or intire fleets. How would it ſound in the ears of a Britiſh ſailor, an advertiſement that a mock engagement between two ſquadrons of men of war would be exhibited on ſuch a day in the Serpentine river? or that the ſhips of the line taken from the enemy would be carried in proceſſion from Hyde-Park-Corner to Tower-wharf? Certain it is, Lucullus, in one of his triumphs, had one hundred and ten ſhips of war *(naves longas)* carried through the ſtreets of Rome. Nothing can give a more contemptible idea of their naval power, than this teſtimony of their hiſtorians, who declare that their ſeamen or mariners were formed by exerciſing ſmall row-boats in an incloſed pool of freſh water. Had they not the ſea within a few miles of them, and the

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river Tyber running through their capital! even this would have been much more proper for exerciſing their watermen, then a pond of ſtill-water, not much larger than a cold-bath. I do believe in my conſcience that half a dozen Engliſh frigates would have been able to defeat both the contending fleets at the famous battle of Actium, which has been ſo much celebrated in the annals of antiquity, as an event that decided the fate of empire.

It would employ me a whole month to deſcribe the thermæ or baths, the vaſt ruins of which are ſtill to be ſeen within the walls of Rome, like the remains of ſo many ſeparate citadels. The thermæ Dioclefianæ might be termed an auguſt academy for the uſe and inſtruction of the Roman people. The pinacotheca of this building was a complete muſæum of all the curioſities of art and nature; and there were public ſchools for all the ſciences. If I may judge by my eye, however, the thermæ Antonianæ built by Caracalla, were ſtill more extenſive and magnificent; they contained cells ſufficient for two thouſand three hundred perſons to bathe at one time, without being ſeen by one another.

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ther. They were adorned with all the charms of painting, architecture, and ſculpture. The pipes for conveying the water were of ſilver. Many of the lavacra were of precious marble, illuminated by lamps of chryſtal. Among the ſtatues, were found the famous Toro, and Hercole Farneſe.

Bathing was certainly neceſſary to health and cleanlineſs in a hot country like Italy, eſpecially before the uſe of linen was known: but theſe purpoſes would have been much better anſwered by plunging into the Tyber, than by uſing the warm bath in the thermæ, which became altogether a point of luxury borrowed from the effeminate Aſiatics, and tended to debilitate the fibres already too much relaxed by the heat of the climate. True it is, they had baths of cool water for the ſummer: but in general they uſed it milk-warm, and often perfumed: they likewiſe indulged in vapour-baths, in order to enjoy a pleaſing relaxation, which they likewiſe improved with odoriferous ointments. The thermæ conſiſted of a great variety of parts and conveniences; the natationes, or ſwimming places; the portici, where people a-

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muſed themſelves in walking, converſing, and diſputing together, as Cicero ſays, *In porticibus deambulantes diſputabant*; the baſilicæ, where the bathers aſſembled, before they entered, and after they came out of the bath; the atria, or ample courts, adorned with noble colonnades of Numidian marble and oriental granite; the ephibia, where the young men inured themſelves to wreſtling and other exerciſes; the frigidaria, or places kept cool by a conſtant draught of air, promoted by the diſpoſition and number of the windows; the calidaria, where the water was warmed for the baths; the platanones, or delightful groves of ſycamore; the ſtadia, for the performances of the athletæ; the exedræ, or reſting-places, provided with ſeats for thoſe that were weary; the paleſtræ, where every one choſe that exerciſe which pleaſed him beſt; the gymnaſia, where poets, orators, and philoſophers recited their works, and harangued for diverſion; the eleoteſia, where the fragrant oils and ointments were kept for the uſe of the bathers; and the coniſteria, where the wreſtlers were ſmeared with ſand before they engaged. Of the

thermæ

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thermæ in Rome, ſome were mercenary, and ſome opened gratis. Marcus Agrippa, when he was edile, opened one hundred and ſeventy private baths, for the uſe of the people. In the public baths, where money was taken, each perſon paid a quadrans, about the value of our halfpenny, as Juvenal obſerves,

"*Cædere Sylvano porcum, quadrante lavari.*"

But after the hour of bathing was paſt, it ſometimes coſt a great deal more, according to Martial,

"*Balnea poſt decimam, laſſo centumque petuntur*
Quadrantes ———————"

Though there was no diſtinction in the places, between the firſt patrician and the loweſt plebeian, yet the nobility uſed their own ſilver and gold plate, for waſhing, eating, and drinking in the bath, together with towels of the fineſt linen. They likewiſe made uſe of the inſtrument called ſtrigil, which was a kind of fleſh-bruſh; a cuſtom to which Perſius alludes in this line,

"*I puer, et ſtrigiles Criſpini ad balnea defer.*"

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The common people contented themſelves with ſponges. The bathing time was from noon till the evening, when the Romans ate their principal meal. Notice was given by a bell, or ſome ſuch inſtrument, when the baths were opened, as we learn from Juvenal,

" *Redde Pilam, ſonat Æs thermarum, ludere pergis?*
Virgine vis ſola lotus abire domum."

There were ſeparate places for the two ſexes; and indeed there were baths opened for the uſe of women only, at the expence of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, and ſome other matrons of the firſt quality. The uſe of bathing was become ſo habitual to the conſtitutions of the Romans, that Galen, in his book *De Sanitate tuenda*, mentions a certain philoſopher, who, if he intermitted but one day in his bathing, was certainly attacked with a fever. In order to preſerve decorum in the baths, a ſet of laws and regulations were publiſhed, and the thermæ were put under the inſpection of a cenſor, who was generally one of the firſt ſenators in Rome. Agrippa left his gardens and baths, which ſtood near the pantheon, to the Roman people:

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ple: among the ſtatues that adorned them was that of a youth naked, as going into the bath, ſo elegantly formed by the hand of Lyſippus, that Tiberius, being ſtruck with the beauty of it, ordered it to be transferred into his own palace: but the populace raiſed ſuch a clamour againſt him, that he was fain to have it reconveyed to its former place. Theſe noble baths were reſtored by Adrian, as we read in Spartian; but at preſent no part of them remains.

With reſpect to the preſent ſtate of the old aqueducts, I can give you very little ſatisfaction. I only ſaw the ruins of that which conveyed the aqua Claudia, near the Porta Maggiore, and the Piazza of the Lateran. You know there were fourteen of thoſe antient aqueducts, ſome of which brought water to Rome from the diſtance of forty miles. The channels of them were large enough to admit a man armed on horſeback; and therefore when Rome was beſieged by the Goths, who had cut off the water, Beliſarius fortified them with works to prevent the enemy from entering the city by thoſe conveyances. After that period, I ſuppoſe the antient aque-

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ducts continued dry, and were ſuffered to run to ruins. Without all doubt, the Romans were greatly obliged to thoſe benefactors, who raiſed ſuch ſtupendous works for the benefit, as well as the embelliſhment of their city: but it might have been ſupplied with the ſame water through pipes at one hundredth part of the expence; and in that caſe the enemy would not have found it ſuch an eaſy matter to cut it off. Thoſe popes who have provided the modern city ſo plentifully with excellent water, are much to be commended for the care and expence they have beſtowed in reſtoring the ſtreams called acqua Virgine, acqua Felici, and acqua Paolina, which affords ſuch abundance of water as would plentifully ſupply a much larger city than modern Rome.

It is no wonder that M. Agrippa, the ſon-in-law, friend, and favourite of Auguſtus, ſhould at the ſame time have been the idol of the people, conſidering how ſurpriſingly he exerted himſelf for the emolument, convenience, and pleaſure of his fellow-citizens. It was he who firſt conducted this aqua Virgine to Rome: he formed ſeven hundred reſervoirs

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ſervoirs in the city; erected one hundred and five fountains; one hundred and thirty *caſtella*, or conduits, which works he adorned with three hundred ſtatues, and four hundred pillars of marble, in the ſpace of one year. He alſo brought into Rome, the aqua Julia, and reſtored the aqueduct of the aqua Marzia, which had fallen to decay. I have already obſerved the great number of baths which he opened for the people, and the magnificent thermæ, with ſpacious gardens, which he bequeathed to them as a legacy. But theſe benefactions, great and munificent as they ſeem to be, were not the moſt important ſervices he performed for the city of Rome. The common-ſewers were firſt made by order of Tarquinius Priſcus, not ſo much with a view to cleanlineſs, as by way of ſubterranean drains to the Vilabrum, which was marſhy, and in order to carry off the ſtagnant water, which remained in the lower parts, after heavy rains. The different branches of theſe channels united at the Forum, from whence by the cloaca Maxima, their contents were conveyed into the Tyber. This great cloaca was the work of Tarquinius Superbus.

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Superbus. Other ſewers were added by Marcus Cato, and Valerius Flaccus, the cenſors. All theſe drains having been choaked up and ruinous, were cleared and reſtored by Marcus Agrippa, who likewiſe undermined the whole city with canals of the ſame kind, for carrying off the filth; he ſtrengthened and enlarged the cloaca maxima, ſo as to make it capable of receiving a large cart loaded with hay; and directed ſeven ſtreams of water into theſe ſubterranean paſſages, in order to keep them always clean and open. If, notwithſtanding all theſe conveniences, Veſpaſian was put to great expence in removing the ordure from the public ſtreets, we have certainly a right to conclude that the antient Romans were not more cleanly than the modern Italians.

After the mauſolea of Auguſtus, and Adrian, which I have already mentioned, the moſt remarkable antient ſepulchres at Rome, are thoſe of Caius Ceſtius, and Cecilia Metella. The firſt, which ſtands by the Porta di S. Paolo, is a beautiful pyramid, one hundred and twenty feet high, ſtill preſerved intire, having a vaulted chamber within-ſide, adorned with

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with ſome ancient painting, which is now almoſt effaced. The building is of brick, but caſed with marble. This Caius Ceſtius had been conſul, was very rich, and acted as one of the ſeven *Epulones*, who ſuperintended the feaſts of the gods, called *Lectiſternia*, and *Pervigilia*. He bequeathed his whole fortune to his friend M. Agrippa, who was ſo generous as to give it up to the relations of the teſtator. The monument of Cecilia Metella, commonly called *Capo di Bove*, is without the walls on the Via Appia. This lady was daughter of Metellus Creticus, and wife to Craſſus, who erected this noble monument to her memory. It conſiſted of two orders, or ſtories, the firſt of which was a ſquare of hewn ſtone: the ſecond was a circular tower, having a cornice, adorned with ox heads in baſſo relievo, a circumſtance from which it takes the name of *Capo di Bove*. The ox was ſuppoſed to be a moſt grateful ſacrifice to the gods. Pliny, ſpeaking of bulls and oxen, ſays,

" *Hinc victimæ optimæ et laudatiſſima deorum placatio.*"

This tower was ſurmounted by a noble cupola or dome, enriched with all the ornaments

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ments of architecture. The door of the building was of braſs; and within-ſide the aſhes of Cecilia were depoſited in a fluted marble urn, of curious workmanſhip, which is ſtill kept in the Palazzo Farneſe. At preſent the ſurface of the ground is raiſed ſo much as to cover the firſt order of the edifice: what we ſee is no more than the round tower, without the dome and its ornaments; and the following inſcription ſtill remains near the top, facing the Via Appia.

CÆCILIÆ
Q. CRETICI F.
METELLÆ
CRASSI.

Now we are talking of ſepulchral inſcriptions, I ſhall conclude this letter with the copy of a very ſingular will, made by Favonius Jocundus, who died in Portugal, by which will the preciſe ſituation of the famous temple of Sylvanus is aſcertained.

"*Jocundi.*

Ego gallus Favonius Jocundus P. Favoni F. qui bello contra Viriatum Succubui, Jocundum et Prudentim

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Prudentem filios, e me et Quintia Fabia conjuge mea ortos, et Bonorum Jocundi Patris mei, et eorum, quæ mihi ipsi acquisivi hæredes relinquo; hac tamen conditione, ut ab urbe Romana huc veniant, et ossa hic mea, intra quinquennium exportent, et via latina condant in sepulchro, jussu meo condito, et mea voluntate; in quo velim neminem mecum, neque servum, neque libertum inferi; et velim ossa quorumcunque sepulchro statim meo eruantur, et jura Romanorum serventur, in sepulchris ritu majorum retinendis, juxta voluntatem testatoris; et si secus fecerint, nisi legittimæ oriantur causæ, velim ea omnia, quæ filijs meis relinquo, pro reparando templo dei Sylvani, quod sub viminali monte est, *attribui; manesque mei a Pont. max; a flaminibus dialibus, qui in capitolio sunt, opem implorent, ad liberorum meorum impietatem ulciscendam; teneanturque sacerdotes dei Silvani, me in urbem referre, et sepulchro me meo condere. Volo quoque vernas qui domi meæ sunt, omnes a prætore urbano liberos, cum matribus dimitti, singulisque libram argenti puri, et vestem unam dari. In Lusitania. In agro* VIII. *Cal Quintilis, bello viriatino.*"

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My paper ſcarce affords room to aſſure you that I am ever,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

Nice, March 30, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU muſt not imagine I ſaw one half of the valuable pictures and ſtatues of Rome; there is ſuch a vaſt number of both in this capital, that I might have ſpent a whole year in taking even a tranſient view of them; and, after all, ſome of them would have been overlooked. The moſt celebrated pieces, however, I have ſeen; and therefore my curioſity is ſatisfied. Perhaps, if I had the nice diſcernment and delicate ſenſibility of a true connoiſſeur, this ſuperficial glimpſe would have ſerved only to whet my appetite, and to detain me the whole winter at Rome.

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In my progreſs through the Vatican, I was much pleaſed with the School of Athens, by Raphael, a piece which hath ſuffered from the dampneſs of the air. The four boys attending to the demonſtration of a mathematician are admirably varied in the expreſſion. Mr. Webb's criticiſm on this artiſt is certainly juſt. He was perhaps the beſt ethic painter that ever the world produced. No man ever expreſſed the ſentiments ſo happily, in viſage, attitude, and geſture: but he ſeems to have had too much phlegm to ſtrike off the grand paſſions, or reach the ſublime parts of painting. He has the ſerenity of Virgil, but wants the fire of Homer. There is nothing in his Parnaſſus which ſtruck me, but the ludicrous impropriety of Apollo's playing upon a fiddle, for the entertainment of the nine muſes.

The Laſt Judgment, by Buonaroti, in the chapel of Sixtus IV. produced to my eye the ſame ſort of confuſion, that perplexes my ear at a grand concert, conſiſting of a great variety of inſtruments: or rather, when a number of people are talking all at once. I was pleaſed with the ſtrength of expreſſion, ex-

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hibited in ſingle figures, and ſeparate groupes: but, the whole together is a mere mob, without ſubordination, keeping, or repoſe. A painter ought to avoid all ſubjects that require a multiplicity of groupes and figures; becauſe it is not in the power of that art to unite a great number in one point of view, ſo as to maintain that dependence which they ought to have upon one another. Michael Angelo, with all his ſkill in anatomy, his correctneſs of deſign, his grand compoſition, his fire, and force of expreſſion, ſeems to have had very little idea of grace. One would imagine he had choſen his kings, heroes, cardinals, and prelates, from among the *facchini* of Rome; that he really drew his Jeſus on the Croſs, from the agonies of ſome vulgar aſſaſſin expiring on the wheel; and that the originals of his Bambini, with their mothers, were literally found in a ſtable. In the Sala Regia, from whence the Siſtian chapel is detached, we ſee, among other exploits of catholic heroes, a repreſentation of the maſſacre of the proteſtants in Paris, Tholouſe, and other parts of France, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, thus deſcribed in the *Deſcri-*

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zione di Roma, " Nella prima pittura, esprime Georgio Vasari l' istoria del Coligni, grand' amiraglio di Francia, che come capo de ribelli, e degl 'ugonotti, fu ucciso; e nell 'altra vicina, la strage fatta in Parigi, e nel regno, de rebelli, e degl 'Ugonotti." " In the first picture, George Vasari represents the history of Coligni, high admiral of France, who was slain as head of the rebels and huegonots; and in another near it, the slaughter that was made of the rebels and huegonots in Paris and other parts of the kingdom." Thus the court of Rome hath employed their artists to celebrate and perpetuate, as a meritorious action, the most perfidious, cruel, and infamous massacre, that ever disgraced the annals of any nation.

I need not mention the two equestrian statues of Constantine the Great, and Charlemagne, which stand at opposite ends of the great portico of St. Peter's church; because there is nothing in them which particularly engaged my attention. The sleeping Cleopatra, as you enter the court of the Belvedere, in the Vatican, is much admired; but I was better pleased with the Apollo, which I take

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to be the moſt beautiful ſtatue that ever was formed. The Nile, which lies in the open court, ſurmounted with the little children, has infinite merit; but is much damaged, and altogether neglected. Whether it is the ſame deſcribed in Pliny, as having been placed by Veſpaſian in the Temple of Peace, I do not know. The ſixteen children playing about it, denoted the ſwelling of the Nile, which never roſe above ſixteen cubits. As for the famous groupe of Laocoon, it ſurpaſſed my expectation. It was not without reaſon that Buonaroti called it a portentous work; and Pliny has done it no more than juſtice in ſaying it is the moſt excellent piece that ever was cut in marble; and yet the famous Fulvius Urſini is of opinion that this is not the ſame ſtatue which Pliny deſcribed. His reaſons, mentioned by Montfaucon, are theſe. The ſtatues deſcribed by Pliny were of one ſtone; but theſe are not. Antonioli, the antiquary, has in his poſſeſſion, pieces of Laocoon's ſnakes, which were found in the ground, where the baths of Titus actually ſtood, agreeable to Pliny, who ſays theſe ſtatues were placed in the buildings of Titus.

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Be that as it may, the work which we now ſee does honour to antiquity. As you have ſeen innumerable copies and caſts of it, in marble, plaiſter, copper, lead, drawings, and prints, and read the deſcription of it in Keyſlar, and twenty other books of travels, I ſhall ſay nothing more on the ſubject; but that neither they nor I, nor any other perſon, could ſay too much in its praiſe. It is not of one piece indeed. In that particular Pliny himſelf might be miſtaken. "*Opus omnibus* "*et picturæ, et ſtatuariæ artis præponendum.* "*Ex uno lapide eum et Liberos draconumque mira-* "*biles nexus de conſilii ſententia fecere ſummi ar-* "*tifices.*" Buonaroti diſcovered the joinings, though they were ſo artfully concealed as to be inviſible. This amazing groupe is the work of three Rhodian ſculptors, called Ageſander, Polydore, and Athenodorus, and was found in the thermæ of Titus Veſpaſian, ſtill ſuppoſing it to be the true antique. As for the *torſo*, or mutilated trunk of a ſtatue, which is called the School of Michael Angelo, I had not time to conſider it attentively; nor taſte enough to perceive its beauties at firſt ſight. The famous horſes

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on Monte Cavallo, before the pope's palace, which are ſaid to have been made in emulation, by Phidias and Praxiteles, I have ſeen, and likewiſe thoſe in the front of the Capitol, with the ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux; but what pleaſed me infinitely more than all of them together, is the equeſtrian ſtatue of Corinthian braſs, ſtanding in the middle of this Piazza (I mean at the Capitol) ſaid to repreſent the emperor Marcus Aurelius. Others ſuppoſe it was intended for Lucius Verus; a third ſet of antiquaries contend for Lucius Septimius Severus; and a fourth, for Conſtantine, becauſe it ſtood in the Piazza of the Lateran palace, built by that emperor, from whence pope Paul III. cauſed it to be removed to the Capitol. I conſidered the trophy of Marius as a very curious piece of ſculpture, and admired the two ſphinges at the bottom of the ſtairs leading to this Piazza, as the only good repreſentations of life I had ever ſeen from Ægypt: for the two idols of that country, which ſtand in the ground-floor of the Muſæum of the Capitol, and indeed all the Ægyptian ſtatues in the Camera Ægyptiaca of this very building, are ſuch monſtrous

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monſtruous miſrepreſentations of nature, that they never could have obtained a place among the ſtatues of Rome, except as curioſities of foreign ſuperſtition, or on account of the materials, as they are generally of baſaltes, porphyry, or oriental granite.

At the farther end of the court of this Muſæum, fronting the entrance, is a handſome fountain, with the ſtatue of a river-god reclining on his urn; this is no other than the famous Marforio, ſo called from its having been found in Martis Foro. It is remarkable only as being the conveyance of the anſwers to the ſatires which are found paſted upon Paſquin, another mutilated ſtatue, ſtanding at the corner of a ſtreet.

The marble coffin, ſuppoſed to have contained the aſhes of Alexander Severus, which we find in one of theſe apartments, is a curious antique, valuable for its ſculpture in baſſo relievo, eſpecially for the figures on the cover, repreſenting that emperor and his mother Julia Mammea.

I was ſorry I had not time to conſider the antient plan of Rome, diſpoſed in ſix claſſes, on the ſtair-caſe of this Muſæum, which was brought

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brought hither from a temple that ſtood in the Forum Boarium, now called Campo Vaccino.

It would be ridiculous in me to enter into a detail of the vaſt collection of marbles, baſſo relievos, inſcriptions, urns, buſts, and ſtatues, which are placed in the upper apartments of this edifice. I ſaw them but once, and then I was ſtruck with the following particulars. A bacchanalian drunk; a Jupiter and Leda, at leaſt equal to that in the gallery at Florence; an old *præfica*, or hired mourner, very much reſembling thoſe wrinkled hags ſtill employed in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, to ſing the *coronach* at funerals, in praiſe of the deceaſed; the famous Antinous, an elegant figure, which Pouſin ſtudied as the canon or rule of ſymmetry; the two fauns; and above all the *mirmillone*, or dying gladiator; the attitude of the body, the expreſſion of the countenance, the elegance of the limbs, and the ſwelling of the muſcles, in this ſtatue, are univerſally admired; but the execution of the back is incredibly delicate. The courſe of the muſcles called *longiſſimi dorſi*, are ſo naturally

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naturally marked and tenderly executed, that the marble actually emulates the ſoftneſs of fleſh; and you may count all the ſpines of the vertebræ, raiſing up the ſkin as in the living body; yet this ſtatue, with all its merit, ſeems inferior to the celebrated dying gladiator of Cteſilas, as deſcribed by Pliny, who ſays the expreſſion of it was ſuch, as appears altogether incredible. In the court, on the oppoſite ſide of the Capitol, there is an admirable ſtatue of a lion devouring an horſe, which was found by the gate of Oſtia, near the pyramid of Caius Ceſtius; and here on the left hand, under a colonade, is what they call the Columna Roſtrata, erected in honour of Caius Duilius, who firſt triumphed over the Carthaginians by ſea. But this is a modern pillar, with the old inſcription, which is ſo defaced as not to be legible. Among the pictures in the gallery and ſaloon above, what pleaſed me moſt was the Bacchus and Ariadne of Guido Rheni; and the wolf ſuckling Romulus and Remus, by Rubens. The court of the Palazzo Farneſe is ſurrounded with antique ſtatues, among which the moſt celebrated are, the Flora, with a moſt delicate drapery;

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the gladiator, with a dead boy over his ſhoulder; the Hercules, with the ſpoils of the Nemean lion; but that which the connoiſſeurs juſtly eſteem above all the reſt is the Hercules, by Glycon, which you know as well as I do, by the great reputation it has acquired. This admirable ſtatue having been found without the legs, theſe were ſupplied by Gulielmo de la Porta ſo happily, that when afterwards the original limbs were diſcovered, Michael Angelo preferred the modern ones, both in grace and proportion; and they have been retained accordingly. In a little houſe, or ſhed, behind the court, is preſerved the wonderful groupe of Dirce, commonly called the Toro Farneſe, which was brought hither from the thermæ Caracallæ. There is ſuch ſpirit, ferocity, and indignant reſiſtance expreſſed in the bull, to whoſe horns Dirce is tied by the hair, that I have never ſeen any thing like it, either upon canvaſs, or in ſtone. The ſtatues of the two brothers endeavouring to throw him into the ſea are beautiful figures, finely contraſted; and the rope, which one of them holds in a ſort of looſe coil, is ſo ſurpriſingly chizzelled,

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that one can hardly believe it is of ſtone. As for Dirce herſelf, ſhe ſeems to be but a ſubaltern character; but there is a dog upon his hind legs barking at the bull, which is much admired. This amazing groupe was cut out of one ſtone, by Appollonius and Tauriſcus, two ſculptors of Rhodes; and is mentioned by Pliny in the thirty-ſixth book of his Natural Hiſtory. All the precious monuments of art, which have come down to us from antiquity, are the productions of Greek artiſts. The Romans had taſte enough to admire the arts of Greece, as plainly appears by the great collections they made of their ſtatues and pictures, as well as by adopting their achitecture and muſick: but I do not remember to have read of any Roman who made a great figure either as a painter or a ſtatuary. It is not enough to ſay thoſe profeſſions were not honourable in Rome, becauſe painting, ſculpture, and muſick, even rhetoric, phyſic, and philoſophy, were practiſed and taught by ſlaves. The arts were always honoured and revered at Rome, even when the profeſſors of them happened to be ſlaves by the accidents and iniquity of fortune.

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fortune. The buſineſs of painting and ſtatuary was ſo profitable, that in a free republic, like that of Rome, they muſt have been greedily embraced by a great number of individuals: but, in all probability, the Roman ſoil produced no extraordinary genius for thoſe arts. Like the Engliſh of this day, they made a figure in poetry, hiſtory, and ethics; but the excellence of painting, ſculpture, architecture, and muſic, they never could attain. In the Palazzo Picchini, I ſaw three beautiful figures, the celebrated ſtatues of Meleager, the boar, and dog; together with a wolf, of excellent workmanſhip. The celebrated ſtatue of Moſes, by Michael Angelo, in the church of St. Peter in Vincula, I beheld with pleaſure; as well as that of Chriſt, by the ſame hand, in the church of S. Maria ſopra Minerva. The right foot, covered with bronze, gilt, is much kiſſed by the devotees. I ſuppoſe it is looked upon as a ſpecific for the tooth-ache; for, I ſaw a cavalier, in years, and an old woman ſucceſſively rub their gums upon it, with the appearance of the moſt painful perſeverance.

You

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You need not doubt but that I went to the church of St. Peter in Montorio, to view the celebrated transfiguration, by Raphael, which, if it was mine, I would cut in two parts. The three figures in the air attract the eye ſo ſtrongly, that little or no attention is payed to thoſe below on the mountain. I apprehend that the nature of the ſubject does not admit of that keeping and dependence, which ought to be maintained in the diſpoſition of the lights and ſhadows in a picture. The groupes ſeem to be intirely independent of each other. The extraordinary merit of this piece, I imagine, conſiſts, not only in the expreſſion of divinity on the face of Chriſt; but alſo in the ſurpriſing lightneſs of the figure, that hovers like a beautiful exhalation in the air. In the church of St. Luke, I was not at all ſtruck by the picture of that ſaint, drawing the portrait of the Virgin Mary, although it is admired as one of the beſt pieces of Raphael. Indeed it made ſo little impreſſion upon me, that I do not even remember the diſpoſition of the figures. The altar-piece, by Andrea Sacchi, in the church of St Romauldus, would have more

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more merit, if the figure of the ſaint himſelf had more conſequence, and was repreſented in a ſtronger light. In the Palazzo Borgheſe, I chiefly admired the following pieces: a Venus with two nymphs; and another with Cupid, both by Titian: an excellent Roman Piety, by Leonardo da Vinci; and the celebrated Muſe, by Dominechino, which is a fine, jolly, buxom figure. At the palace of Colonna Conneſtabile, I was charmed with the Herodias, by Guido Rheni; a young Chriſt; and a Madonna, by Raphael; and four landſchapes, two by Claude Lorraine, and the other two, by Salvator Roſa. In the *palazetto*, or ſummer-houſe belonging to the Palazzo Roſpiglioſi, I had the ſatisfaction of contemplating the Aurora of Guido, the colours of which ſtill remain in high perfection, notwithſtanding the common report that the piece is ſpoiled by the dampneſs of the apartment. The print of this picture, by Freij, with all its merit, conveys but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the original. In the Palazzo Barberini, there is a great collection of marbles and pictures: among the firſt, I was attracted by a beautiful ſtatue of Venus; a

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sleeping faun, of curious workmanship; a charming Bacchus, lying on an antient sculpture, and the famous Narcissus. Of the pictures, what gave me most pleasure was the Magdalen of Guido, infinitely superior to that by Le Brun in the church of the Carmelites at Paris; the Virgin, by Titian; a Madonna, by Raphael, but not comparable to that which is in the Palazzo de Pitti, at Florence; and the death of Germanicus, by Poussin, which I take to be one of the best pieces in this great collection. In the Palazzo Falconeri, there is a beautiful St. Cecilia, by Guercino; a holy family, by Raphael; and a fine expressive figure of St. Peter weeping, by Dominechino. In the Palazzo Altieri, I admired a picture, by Carlo Maratti, representing a saint calling down lightning from heaven to destroy blasphemers. It was the figure of the saint I admired, merely as a portrait. The execution of the other parts was tame enough: perhaps they were purposely kept down, in order to preserve the importance of the principal figure. I imagine Salvator Rosa would have made a different disposition on the same subject: that

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amidſt the darkneſs of a tempeſt, he would have illuminated the blaſphemer with the flaſh of lightning by which he was deſtroyed: this would have thrown a diſmal gleam upon his countenance, diſtorted by the horror of his ſituation as well as by the effects of the fire; and rendered the whole ſcene dreadfully pictureſque. In the ſame palace, I ſaw the famous holy family, by Corregio, which he left unfiniſhed, and no other artiſt would undertake to ſupply; for what reaſon I know not. Here too is a judgment of Paris, by Titian, which is reckoned a very valuable piece. In the Palazzo Odeſcalchi, there is a holy family, by Buonaroti, and another by Raphael, both counted excellent, though in very different ſtiles, extremely characteriſtic of thoſe two great rival artiſts.

If I was ſilly enough to make a parade, I might mention ſome hundreds more of marbles and pictures, which I really ſaw at Rome; and even eke out that number with a huge liſt of thoſe I did not ſee: but, whatever vanity I may have, it has not taken this turn; and I aſſure you, upon my word and honour, I have deſcribed nothing but what actually

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actually fell under my own observation. As for my critical remarks, I am afraid you will think them too superficial and capricious to belong to any other person but

Your humble servant.

LETTER XXXIV.

Nice, April 2, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Have nothing to communicate touching the library of the Vatican, which, with respect to the apartments and their ornaments, is undoubtedly magnificent. The number of books it contains does not exceed forty thousand volumes, which are all concealed from the view, and locked up in presses: as for the manuscripts, I saw none but such as are commonly presented to strangers of our nation; some very old copies of Virgil and Terence; two or three Missals, curiously illu-

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minated; the book De Septem Sacramentis written in Latin by Henry VIII. againſt Luther; and ſome of that prince's love letters to Anne Boleyn. I likewiſe viſited the Libreria Caſanatenſe, belonging to the convent of the church called S. Maria Sopra Minerva. I had a recommendation to the principal librarian, a Dominican friar, who received me very politely, and regaled me with a ſight of ſeveral curious MSS. of the claſſics.

Having ſatisfied my curioſity at Rome, I prepared for my departure, and as the road between Radicofani and Monteſiaſcone is very ſtony and diſagreeable, I aſked the banker Barazzi, if there was not a better way of returning to Florence, expreſſing a deſire at the ſame time to ſee the caſcade of Terni. He aſſured me that the road by Terni was forty miles ſhorter than the other, much more ſafe and eaſy, and accommodated with exceeding good auberges. Had I taken the trouble to caſt my eyes upon the map, I muſt have ſeen, that the road by Terni, inſtead of being forty miles ſhorter, was much longer than the other: but this was not the only miſtake of Signiore Barazzi. Great part of this way lies

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lies over ſteep mountains, or along the ſide of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and as for the public houſes, they are in all reſpects the moſt execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to ſay that a common priſoner in the Marſhalſea or King's-Bench is more cleanly and commodiouſly lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houſes are abominably naſty, and generally deſtitute of proviſion: when eatables were found, we were almoſt poiſoned by their cookery: their beds were without curtains or bedſtead, and their windows without glaſs; and for this ſort of entertainment we payed as much as if we had been genteelly lodged, and ſumptuouſly treated. I repeat it again; of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the moſt villainouſly rapacious. The firſt day, having paſſed Civita Caſtellana, a ſmall town ſtanding on the top of a hill, we put up at what was called an excellent inn, where cardinals, prelates, and princes, often lodged. Being meagre day, there was nothing but bread, eggs, and anchovies, in the houſe. I went to bed without ſupper,

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and lay in a pallet, where I was half devoured by vermin. Next day, our road, in ſome places, lay along precipices, which over-hang the Nera or Nar, celebrated in antiquity for its white foam, and the ſulphureous quality of its waters.

Sulfureâ nar albus aquâ, fonteſque velini.

It is a ſmall, but rapid ſtream, which runs not far from hence, into the Tyber. Paſſing Utricoli, near the ruins of the ancient Ocricoli, and the romantic town of Narni, ſituated on the top of a mountain, in the neighbourhood of which is ſtill ſeen ſtanding one arch of the ſtupendous bridge built by Auguſtus Cæſar, we arrived at Terni, and hiring a couple of chaiſes before dinner, went to ſee the famous Caſcata delle Marmore, which is at the diſtance of three miles. We aſcended a ſteep mountain by a narrow road formed for a conſiderable way along the brink of a precipice, at the bottom of which brawls the furious river Nera, after having received the Velino. This laſt is the ſtream which, running from the Lago delle Marmore, forms the caſcade by falling over a precipice

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about one hundred and ſixty feet high. Such a body of water ruſhing down the mountain; the ſmoak, vapour, and thick white miſt which it raiſes; the double rainbow which theſe particles continually exhibit while the ſun ſhines; the deafening ſound of the cataract; the vicinity of a great number of other ſtupendous rocks and precipices, with the daſhing, boiling, and foaming of the two rivers below, produce altogether an object of tremendous ſublimity: yet great part of its effect is loſt, for want of a proper point of view, from which it might be contemplated. The caſcade would appear much more aſtoniſhing, were it not in ſome meaſure eclipſed by the ſuperior height of the neighbouring mountains. You have not a front perſpective; but are obliged to view it obliquely on one ſide, ſtanding upon the brink of a precipice, which cannot be approached without horror. This ſtation might be rendered much more acceſſible, and altogether ſecure, for the expence of four or five zequines; and a ſmall tax might be levied for the purpoſe from travellers by the aubergiſte at Terni, who lets his calaſſes for half a zequine a

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piece, to thoſe that are curious to ſee this phænomenon. Beſides the two poſtilions whom I payed for this excurſion, at the rate of one ſtage in poſting, there was a fellow who poſted himſelf behind one of the chaiſes, by way of going to point out the different views of the caſcade; and his demand amounted to four or five pauls. To give you an idea of the extortion of thoſe villainous publicans, I muſt tell you that for a dinner and ſupper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodging in three truckle beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty ſhillings ſterling. You aſk me why I ſubmitted to ſuch impoſition? I will tell you—I have more than once in my travels made a formal complaint of the exorbitancy of a publican, to the magiſtrate of the place; but I never received any ſatisfaction, and have loſt abundance of time. Had I proceeded to manual correction, I ſhould have alarmed and terrified the women; had I peremptorily refuſed to pay the ſum total, the landlord, who was the poſtmaſter, would not have ſupplied me with horſes to proceed on my journey. I tried the

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experiment at Muy in France, where I put myſelf into a violent paſſion, had abundance of trouble, was detained till it was almoſt night, and after all found myſelf obliged to ſubmit, furniſhing at the ſame time matter of infinite triumph to the mob, which had ſurrounded the coach, and intereſted themſelves warmly in favour of their townſman. If ſome young patriot, in good health and ſpirits, would take the trouble as often as he is impoſed upon by the road in travelling, to have recourſe to the fountain-head, and prefer a regular complaint to the comptroller of the poſts, either in France or Italy, he would have ample ſatisfaction, and do great ſervice to the community. Terni is an agreeable town, pretty well built, and ſituated in a pleaſant valley, between two branches of the river Nera, whence it was called by the antients, Interamna. Here is an agreeable piazza, where ſtands a church that was of old a heathen temple. There are ſome valuable paintings in the church. The people are ſaid to be very civil, and proviſions to be extremely cheap. It was the birth-place of the emperor Tacitus, as well as of the hiſ-

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hiſtorian of the ſame name. In our journey from hence to Spoleto, we paſſed over a high mountain, (I think it is called Somna,) where it was neceſſary to have two additional horſes to the carriage, and the road winds along a precipice, which is equally dangerous and dreadful. We paſſed through part of Spoleto, the capital of Umbria, which is a pretty large city. Of this, however, I can give no other account from my own obſervation, but that I ſaw at a diſtance the famous Gothic aqueduct or brick: this is mentioned by Addiſon as a ſtructure, which, for the height of its arches, is not equalled by any thing in Europe. The road from hence to Foligno, where we lay, is kept in good order, and lies through a delightful plain, laid out into beautiful incloſures, abounding with wine, oil, corn, and cattle, and watered by the paſtoral ſtreams of the famous river Clitumnus, which takes its riſe in three or four ſeparate rivulets iſſuing from a rock near the highway. On the right-hand, we ſaw ſeveral towns ſituated on riſing grounds, and among the reſt, that of Aſſiſio, famous for the birth of St. Francis,

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Francis, whose body, being here deposited, occasions a great concourse of pilgrims. We met a Roman princess going thither with a grand retinue, in consequence of a vow she had made for the re-establishment of her health. Foligno, the Fulginium of the antients, is a small town, not unpleasant, lying in the midst of mulberry plantations, vineyards, and corn-fields, and built on both sides of the little river Topino. In choosing our beds at the inn, I perceived one chamber locked, and desired it might be opened; upon which the cameriere declared with some reluctance, "*Besogna dire a su' eccellenza; poco fa, che una bestia è morta in questa camera, e non è ancora lustrata.*" When I enquired what beast it was, he replied, "*Un' eretico Inglese.*" I suppose he would not have made so free with our country and religion, if he had not taken us for German catholics, as we afterwards learned from Mr. R—i. Next day, we crossed the Tyber, over a handsome bridge, and in mounting the steep hill upon which the city of Perugia stands, our horses being exhausted, were dragged backwards by the weight of the carriage

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carriage to the very edge of a precipice, where, happily for us, a man paſſing that way, placed a large ſtone behind one of the wheels, which ſtopped their motion, otherwiſe we ſhould have been all daſhed in pieces. We had another ugly hill to aſcend within the city, which was more difficult and dangerous than the other: but the poſtillions and the other beaſts made ſuch efforts, that we mounted without the leaſt ſtop, to the ſummit, where we found ourſelves in a large piazza, where the horſes are always changed. There being no relays at the poſt, we were obliged to ſtay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a conſiderable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with ſome elegant fountains, and ſeveral handſome churches, containing ſome valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his maſter Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place. The next ſtage is on the banks of the lake, which was the Thraſimene of the antients, a beautiful piece of water, above thirty miles in circumference, having three iſlands, abounding with excellent fiſh: upon a peninſula of it, there is a town and caſtle. It was in this neighbourhood

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bourhood where the conſul Flaminius was totally defeated with great ſlaughter by Hannibal. From Perugia to Florence, the poſts are all double, and the road is ſo bad that we never could travel above eight and twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up ſteep mountains; and the way in general was ſo unequal and ſtony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any ſort of exerciſe or fatigue ſo intolerable; and I did not fail to beſtow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker Barazzi, by whoſe advice we had taken this road; yet there was no remedy but patience. If the coach had not been incredibly ſtrong, it muſt have been ſhattered to pieces. The fifth night we paſſed at a place called Camoccia, a miſerable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own ſupper, and lay in a muſty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fire-place, and where we ran the riſque of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this

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this opportunity to view the remains of the antient Etruſcan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, deſcribed by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazzeſi, as ſtanding in the neighbourhood of this place: but the blackſmith aſſured me his work would be finiſhed in a few minutes; and as I had nothing ſo much at heart as the ſpeedy accompliſhment of this diſagreeable journey, I choſe to ſuppreſs my curioſity, rather than be the occaſion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto paſſed were comfortable in compariſon to this, which we ſuffered at a ſmall village, the name of which I do not remember. The houſe was diſmal and dirty beyond all deſcription; the bed-cloaths filthy enough to turn the ſtomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in ſuch a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had ſheets of our own, which were ſpread upon a mattraſs, and here I took my repoſe wrapped in a great-coat, if that could be called repoſe which was interrupted by the innumerable ſtings of vermin. In the morning, I was ſeized with a dangerous fit of the hooping-cough, which

terrified

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terrified my wife, alarmed my people, and brought the whole community into the houſe. I had undergone juſt ſuch another at Paris, about a year before. This forenoon, one of our coach wheels flew off in the neighbourhood of Anciſa, a ſmall town, where we were detained above two hours by this accident; a delay which was productive of much diſappointment, danger, vexation, and fatigue. There being no horſes at the laſt poſt, we were obliged to wait until thoſe which brought us thither ſhould be ſufficiently refreſhed to proceed. Underſtanding that all the gates of Florence are ſhut at ſix, except two that are kept open for the accommodation of travellers; and that to reach the neareſt of theſe gates, it was neceſſary to paſs the river Arno in a ferry-boat, which could not tranſport the carriage; I determined to ſend my ſervant before with a light chaiſe to enter the neareſt gate before it was ſhut, and provide a coach to come and take us up at the ſide of the river, where we ſhould be obliged to paſs in the boat: for I could not bear the thoughts of lying another night in a common cabaret. Here, however, another difficulty occurred.

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There was but one chaise, and a dragoon officer, in the imperial troops, insisted upon his having bespoke it for himself and his servant. A long dispute ensued, which had like to have produced a quarrel: but at length I accommodated matters, by telling the officer that he should have a place in it gratis, and his servant might ride a-horse-back. He accepted the offer without hesitation; but, in the mean time, we set out in the coach before them, and having proceeded about a couple of miles, the road was so deep from a heavy rain, and the beasts were so fatigued, that they could not proceed. The postillions scourging the poor animals with great barbarity, they made an effort, and pulled the coach to the brink of a precipice, or rather a kind of hollow-way, which might be about seven or eight feet lower than the road. Here my wife and I leaped out, and stood under the rain up to the ancles in mud; while the postillions still exercising their whips, one of the fore-horses fairly tumbled down the descent, and hung by the neck, so that he was almost strangled before he could be disengaged from the traces, by the assistance of

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of ſome foot travellers that happened to paſs. While we remained in this dilemma, the chaiſe, with the officer and my ſervant, coming up, we exchanged places; my wife and I proceeded in the chaiſe, and left them with Miſs C—— and Mr. R——, to follow in the coach. The road from hence to Florence is nothing but a ſucceſſion of ſteep mountains, paved and conducted in ſuch a manner, that one would imagine the deſign had been to render it impracticable by any ſort of wheel-carriage. Notwithſtanding all our endeavours, I found it would be impoſſible to enter Florence before the gates were ſhut. I flattered and threatened the driver by turns: but the fellow, who had been remarkably civil at firſt, grew ſullen and impertinent. He told me I muſt not think of reaching Florence; that the boat would not take the carriage on board; and that from the other ſide, I muſt walk five miles before I ſhould reach the gate that was open: but he would carry me to an excellent oſteria, where I ſhould be entertained and lodged like a prince. I was now convinced that he had lingered on purpoſe to ſerve this inn-keeper; and I took

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it for granted that what he told me of the distance between the ferry and the gate was a lie. It was eight o'clock when we arrived at his inn. I alighted with my wife to view the chambers, desiring he would not put up his horses. Finding it was a villainous house, we came forth, and, by this time, the horses were put up. I asked the fellow how he durst presume to contradict my orders, and commanded him to put them to the chaise. He asked in his turn if I was mad? If I thought I and the lady had strength and courage enough to walk five miles in the dark, through a road which we did not know, and which was broke up by a continued rain of two days? I told him he was an impertinent rascal, and as he still hesitated, I collared him with one hand, and shook my cane over his head with the other. It was the only weapon I had, either offensive or defensive; for I had left my sword, and musquetoon in the coach. At length the fellow obeyed, though with great reluctance, cracking many severe jokes upon us in the mean time, and being joined in his raillery by the inn-keeper, who had all the external marks of a ruffian. The

house

house stood in a solitary situation, and not a soul appeared but these two miscreants, so that they might have murdered us without fear of detection. "You do not like the apartments? (said one) to be sure they were not fitted up for persons of your rank and quality!" "You will be glad of a worse chamber, (continued the other) before you get to bed." "If you walk to Florence to night, you will sleep so sound, that the fleas will not disturb you." "Take care you do not take up your night's lodging in the middle of the road, or in the ditch of the city-wall." I fired inwardly at these sarcasms, to which, however, I made no reply; and my wife was almost dead with fear. In the road from hence to the boat, we met with an ill-looking fellow, who offered his service to conduct us into the city, and such was our situation, that I was fain to accept his proposal, especially as we had two small boxes in the chaise by accident, containing some caps and laces belonging to my wife. I still hoped the postilion had exaggerated in the distance between the boat and the city gate, and was confirmed in this opinion by the ferryman,

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who said we had not above half a league to walk. Behold us then in this expedition; myself wrapped up in a very heavy great-coat, and my cane in my hand. I did not imagine I could have walked a couple of miles in this equipage, had my life been depending; my wife a delicate creature, who had scarce ever walked a mile in her life; and the ragamuffin before us with our boxes under his arm. The night was dark and wet; the road slippery and dirty; not a soul was seen, nor a sound was heard: all was silent, dreary, and horrible. I laid my account with a violent fit of illness from the cold I should infallibly catch, if I escaped assassination, the fears of which were the more troublesome as I had no weapon to defend our lives. While I laboured under the weight of my great-coat, which made the streams of sweat flow down my face and shoulders, I was plunging in the mud, up to the mid-leg at every step; and at the same time obliged to support my wife, who wept in silence, half dead with terror and fatigue. To crown our vexation, our conductor walked so fast, that he was often out of sight, and I imagined he had

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run away with the boxes. All I could do, on these occasions, was to hollow as loud as I could, and swear horribly that I would blow his brains out. I did not know but these oaths and menaces might keep other rogues in awe. In this manner did we travel four long miles, making almost an intire circuit of the city-wall, without seeing the face of a human creature, and at length reached the gate, where we were examined by the guard, and allowed to pass, after they had told us it was a long mile from thence to the house of Vanini, where we proposed to lodge. No matter, being now fairly within the city, I plucked up my spirits, and performed the rest of the journey with such ease, that I am persuaded, I could have walked at the same pace all night long, without being very much fatigued. It was near ten at night, when we entered the auberge in such a draggled and miserable condition, that Mrs. Vanini almost fainted at sight of us, on the supposition that we had met with some terrible disaster, and that the rest of the company were killed. My wife and I were immediately accommodated with dry stockings and shoes, a warm

apartment, and a good supper, which I ate with great satisfaction, arising not only from our having happily survived the adventure, but also from a conviction that my strength and constitution were wonderfully repaired: not but that I still expected a severe cold, attended with a terrible fit of the asthma: but in this I was luckily disappointed. I now for the first time drank to the health of my physician Barazzi, fully persuaded that the hardships and violent exercise I underwent by following his advice, had greatly contributed to the re-establishment of my health. In this particular, I imitate the gratitude of Tavernier, who was radically cured of the gout by a Turkish aga in Ægypt, who gave him the bastinado, because he would not look at the head of the bashaw of Cairo, which the aga carried in a bag, to be presented to the grand signior at Constantinople.

I did not expect to see the rest of our company that night, as I never doubted but they would stay with the coach at the inn on the other side of the Arno: but at midnight we were joined by Miss C— and Mr. R—, who had left the carriage at the inn, under

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the auſpices of the captain and my ſervant, and followed our foot-ſteps by walking from the ferry-boat to Florence, conducted by one of the boatmen. Mr. R— ſeemed to be much ruffled and chagrined; but, as he did not think proper to explain the cauſe, he had no right to expect that I ſhould give him ſatisfaction for ſome inſult he had received from my ſervant. They had been expoſed to a variety of diſagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been ſeveral times in the moſt imminent hazard of being loſt with all our baggage; and at two different places, it was neceſſary to hire a dozen of oxen, and as many men, to diſengage it from the holes into which it had run. It was in the confuſion of theſe adventures, that the captain and his valet, Mr. R— and my ſervant, had like to have gone all by the ears together. The peace was with difficulty preſerved by the interpoſition of Miſs C——, who ſuffered incredibly from cold and wet, terror, vexation, and fatigue; yet happily no bad conſequence enſued. The coach and baggage were brought ſafely into Florence next morning, when all

of us found ourselves well refreshed, and in good spirits. I am afraid this is not the case with you, who must by this time be quite jaded with this long epistle, which shall therefore be closed without further ceremony by,

Yours always.

LETTER XXXV.

Nice, March 29, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

THE season being far advanced, and the weather growing boisterous, I made but a short stay at Florence, and set out for Pisa, with full resolution to take the nearest road to Lerici, where we proposed to hire a felucca for Genoa. I had a great desire to see Leghorn and Lucca; but the dread of a winter's voyage by sea in an open boat effectually restrained my curiosity. To

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avoid the trouble of having our baggage ſearched every poſt, I hired two chaiſes to Piſa for a couple of zequines, and there we arrived in ſafety about ſeven in the evening, though not without fear of the conſequence, as the caleſſes were quite open, and it rained all the way. I muſt own I was ſo ſick of the wretched accommodation one meets with in every part of Italy, except the great cities, ſo averſe to the ſea at this ſeaſon, and ſo fond of the city of Piſa, that I ſhould certainly have ſtayed here the winter, had not I been ſeparated from my books and papers, as well as from other conveniencies and connexions which I had at Nice; and foreſeen that the thoughts of performing the ſame diſagreeable voyage in the ſpring would imbitter my whole winter's enjoyment. I again hired two caleſſes for Lerici, propoſing to lie at Sarzana, three miles ſhort of that place, where we were told we ſhould find comfortable lodging, and to embark next day without halting. When we departed in the morning, it rained very hard, and the Cerchio, which the chaiſes had formerly paſſed, almoſt

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moſt without wetting the wheels, was now ſwelled to a mighty river, broad and deep and rapid. It was with great difficulty I could perſuade my wife to enter the boat; for it blew a ſtorm, and ſhe had ſeen it in coming over from the other ſide hurried down a conſiderable way by the rapidity of the current, notwiſtanding all the efforts of the watermen. Near two hours were ſpent in tranſporting us with our chaiſes. The road between this and Spirto Santo was rendered almoſt impaſſable. When we arrived at Maſſa, it began to grow dark, and the poſt-maſter aſſured us that the road to Sarzana was overflowed in ſuch a manner as not to be paſſed even in the day-time without imminent danger. We therefore took up our lodging for the night at this houſe, which was in all reſpects one of the worſt we had yet entered. Next day, we found the Magra as large and violent as the Cerchio: however, we paſſed it without any accident, and in the afternoon arrived at Lerici. There we were immediately beſieged by a number of patrons of feluccas, from

among

among whom I chuse a Spaniard, partly because he looked like an honest man, and produced an ample certificate, signed by an English gentleman; and partly, because he was not an Italian; for, by this time, I had imbibed a strong prejudice against the common people of that country. We embarked in the morning before day, with a gale that made us run the lee-gunwale in the water; but, when we pretended to turn the point of Porto Venere, we found the wind full in our teeth, and were obliged to return to our quarters, where we had been shamefully fleeced by the landlord, who, nevertheless, was not such an exorbitant knave as the post-master, whose house I would advise all travellers to avoid. Here, indeed, I had occasion to see an instance of prudence and œconomy, which I should certainly imitate, if ever I had occasion to travel this way by myself. An Englishman, who had hired a felucca from Antibes to Leghorn, was put in here by stress of weather; but, being aware of the extortion of inn-keepers, and the bad accommodation in their houses, he slept on board on his own

mattrasses; and there likewise he had all his conveniencies for eating. He sent his servant on shore occasionally to buy provision, and see it cooked according to his direction in some public house; and had his meals regularly in the felucca. This evening he came ashore to stretch his legs, and took a solitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were English: his valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my servant, that in coming through France, his master had travelled three days in company with two other English gentlemen, whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never spoke a word to either: yet in other respects, he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly British. At five o'clock in the morning we put to sea again, and though the wind was contrary, made shift to reach the town of Sestri di Levante, where we were most graciously received by the publican butcher and his family. The house was in much better order than before, the people were much more obliging, we passed a very

tolerable

tolerable night, and had a very reasonable bill to pay in the morning. I cannot account for this favourable change any other way, than by ascribing it to the effects of a terrible storm, which had two days before torn up a great number of their olive-trees by the roots, and done such damage as terrified them into humility and submission. Next day, the water being delightful, we arrived by one o'clock in the afternoon at Genoa. Here I made another bargain with our patron Antonio, to carry us to Nice. He had been hitherto remarkably obliging, and seemingly modest. He spoke Latin fluently, and was tinctured with the sciences. I began to imagine he was a person of a good family, who had met with misfortunes in life, and respected him accordingly: but I found him mercenary, mean, and rapacious. The wind being still contrary, when we departed from Genoa, we could get no further than Finale, where we lodged in a very dismal habitation, which was recommended to us as the best auberge in the place. What rendered it the more uncomfortable, the night

was

was cold, and there was not a fire-place in the house, except in the kitchen. The beds (if they deserved that name) were so shockingly nasty, that we could not have used them, had not a friend of Mr. R— supplied us with mattrasses, sheets, and coverlets; for our own sheets were on board the felucca, which was anchored at a distance from the shore. Our fare was equally wretched: the master of the house was a surly assassin, and his cameriere or waiter, stark-staring mad. Our situation was at the same time shocking and ridiculous. Mr. R— quarrelled over night with the master, who swore in broken French to my man, that he had a good mind to poinard that impertinent Piedmontese. In the morning before day, Mr. R—, coming into my chamber, gave me to understand that he had been insulted by the landlord, who demanded six and thirty livres for our supper and lodging. Incensed at the rascal's presumption, I assured him I would make him take half the money, and a good beating into the bargain. He replied, that he would have saved me the trouble of beating him, had not the cameriere,

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who was a very ſenſible fellow, aſſured him the patrone was out of his ſenſes, and if roughly handled, might commit ſome extravagance. Though I was exceedingly ruffled, I could not help laughing at the mad cameriere's palming himſelf upon R—i, as a ſenſible fellow, and transferring the charge of madneſs upon his maſter, who ſeemed to be much more knave than fool. While Mr. R— went to maſs, I deſired the cameriere to bid his maſter bring the bill, and to tell him that if it was not reaſonable, I would carry him before the commandant. In the mean time I armed myſelf with my ſword in one hand and my cane in the other. The inn-keeper immediately entered, pale and ſtaring, and when I demanded his bill, he told me, with a profound reverence, that he ſhould be ſatisfied with whatever I myſelf thought proper to give. Surpriſed at this moderation, I aſked if he ſhould be content with twelve livres, and he anſwered, "Contentiſſimo," with another proſtration. Then he made an apology for the bad accommodation of his houſe, and complained, that the reproaches of the other gentleman, whom he

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was pleaſed to call my major-domo, had almoſt turned his brain. When he quitted the room, his cameriere, laying hold of his maſter's laſt words, pointed to his own forehead, and ſaid, he had informed the gentleman over-night that his patron was mad. This day we were by a high wind in the afternoon, driven for ſhelter into Porto Mauritio, where we found the poſt-houſe even worſe than that of Finale; and what rendered it more ſhocking was a girl quite covered with the confluent ſmall-pox, who lay in a room through which it was neceſſary to paſs to the other chambers, and who ſmelled ſo ſtrong as to perfume the whole houſe. We were but fifteen miles from St. Remo, where I knew the auberge was tolerable, and thither I reſolved to travel by land. I accordingly ordered five mules to travel poſt, and a very ridiculous cavalcade we formed, the women being obliged to uſe common ſaddles; for in this country even the ladies ſit aſtride. The road lay along one continued precipice, and was ſo difficult, that the beaſts never could exceed a walking pace. In ſome places we were obliged to alight. Seven hours were

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spent in travelling fifteen short miles: at length we arrived at our old lodgings in St. Remo, which we found white-washed, and in great order. We supped pretty comfortably, slept well, and had no reason to complain of imposition in paying the bill. This was not the case in the article of the mules, for which I was obliged to pay fifty livres, according to the regulation of the posts. The post-master, who came along with us, had the effrontery to tell me, that if I had hired the mules to carry me and my company to St. Remo, in the way of common travelling, they would have cost me but fifteen livres; but as I demanded post-horses, I must submit to the regulations. This is a distinction the more absurd, as the road is of such a nature as renders it impossible to travel faster in one way than in another, nor indeed is there the least difference either in the carriage or convenience, between travelling post and journey riding. A publican might with the same reason charge me three livres a pound for whiting, and if questioned about the imposition, reply, that

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if I had aſked for fiſh I ſhould have had the very ſame whiting for the fifth part of the money: but that he made a wide difference between ſelling it as fiſh, and ſelling it as whiting. Our felucca came round from Porto Mauritio in the night, and embarking next morning, we arrived at Nice about four in the afternoon.

Thus have I given you a circumſtantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was expoſed to a great number of hardſhips, which I thought my weakened conſtitution could not have bore; as well as to violent fits of paſſion, chequered, however, with tranſports of a more agreeable nature; inſomuch that I may ſay I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or body, and very often in both at the ſame time. As my diſorder at firſt aroſe from a ſedentary life, producing a relaxation of the fibres, which naturally brought on a liſtleſſneſs, indolence, and dejection of the ſpirits, I am convinced that this hard exerciſe of mind and body, co-operated with the change of air and objects, to brace up the relaxed

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conſtitution, and promote a more vigorous circulation of the juices, which had long languiſhed even almoſt to ſtagnation. For ſome years, I had been as ſubject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered. If I ventured to go abroad when there was the leaſt moiſture either in the air, or upon the ground, I was ſure to be laid up a fortnight with a cough and aſthma. But, in this journey, I ſuffered cold and rain, and ſtood, and walked in the wet, heated myſelf with exerciſe, and ſweated violently, without feeling the leaſt diſorder; but, on the contrary, felt myſelf growing ſtronger every day in the midſt of theſe exceſſes. Since my return to Nice, it has rained the beſt part of two months, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people in the country; yet during all that time I have enjoyed good health and ſpirits. On Chriſtmas-Eve, I went to the cathedral at mid-night, to hear high maſs celebrated by the new biſhop of Nice, in pontificalibus, and ſtood near two hours uncovered in a cold gallery, without having any cauſe in the ſequel to repent of my curioſity. In a word, I am now ſo well that I no longer deſpair of ſeeing

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you and the reſt of my friends in England; a pleaſure which is eagerly deſired by

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble Servant.

LETTER XXXVI.

Nice, March 23, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

YOU aſk whether I think the French people are more taxed than the Engliſh; but I apprehend, the queſtion would be more apropos if you aſked whether the French taxes are more inſupportable than the Engliſh; for, in comparing burthens, we ought always to conſider the ſtrength of the ſhoulders that bear them. I know no better way of eſtimating the ſtrength, than by examining the face of the country, and obſerving the appearance of the common people, who conſtitute the bulk of every nation. When

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I, therefore, ſee the country of England ſmiling with cultivation; the grounds exhibiting all the perfection of agriculture, parcelled out into beautiful incloſures, cornfields, hay and paſture, woodland and common; when I ſee her meadows well ſtocked with black cattle; her downs covered with ſheep; when I view her teams of horſes and oxen, large and ſtrong, fat and ſleek; when I ſee her farm-houſes the habitations of plenty, cleanlineſs, and convenience; and her peaſants well fed, well lodged, well cloathed, tall and ſtout, and hale and jolly; I cannot help concluding that the people are well able to bear thoſe impoſitions which the public neceſſities have rendered neceſſary. On the other hand, when I perceive ſuch ſigns of poverty, miſery, and dirt, among the commonalty of France, their unfenced fields dug up in deſpair, without the intervention of meadow or fallow ground, without cattle to furniſh manure, without horſes to execute the plans of agriculture; their farm-houſes mean, their furniture wretched, their apparel beggarly; themſelves and their beaſts the images of famine; I cannot help thinking

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they groan under oppreſſion, either from their landlords, or their government; probably from both.

The principal impoſitions of the French government are theſe: firſt, the taille, payed by all the commons, except thoſe that are privileged: ſecondly, the capitation, from which no perſons, (not even the nobles) are excepted: thirdly, the tenths and twentieths, called Dixiêmes and Vingtiêmes, which every body pays. This tax was originally levied as an occaſional aid in times of war, and other emergencies; but by degrees is become a ſtanding revenue even in time of peace. All the money ariſing from theſe impoſitions goes directly to the king's treaſury; and muſt undoubtedly amount to a very great ſum. Beſides theſe, he has the revenue of the farms, conſiſting of the droits d'aydes, or exciſe on wine, brandy, &c. of the cuſtom-houſe duties; of the gabelle, comprehending that moſt oppreſſive obligation on individuals to take a certain quantity of ſalt at the price which the farmers ſhall pleaſe to fix; of the excluſive privilege to ſell tobacco; of the droits de controlle, inſinuation, centiême denier,

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denier, franchiefs, aubeine, echange et contre-echange ariſing from the acts of voluntary juriſdiction, as well as certain law-ſuits. Theſe farms are ſaid to bring into the king's coffers above one hundred and twenty millions of livres yearly, amounting to near five millions ſterling: but the poor people are ſaid to pay about a third more than this ſum, which the farmers retain to enrich themſelves, and bribe the great for their protection; which protection of the great is the true reaſon why this moſt iniquitous, oppreſſive, and abſurd method of levying money is not laid aſide. Over and above thoſe articles I have mentioned, the French king draws conſiderable ſums from his clergy, under the denomination of dons gratuits, or free-gifts; as well as from the ſubſidies given by the pays d'etats, ſuch as Provence, Languedoc, and Bretagne, which are exempted from the taille. The whole revenue of the French king amounts to between twelve and thirteen millions ſterling. Theſe are great reſources for the king: but they will always keep the people miſerable, and effectually prevent them from making ſuch improve-

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ments as might turn their lands to the best advantage. But besides being eased in the article of taxes, there is something else required to make them exert themselves for the benefit of their country. They must be free in their persons, secure in their property, indulged with reasonable leases, and effectually protected by law from the insolence and oppression of their superiors.

Great as the French king's resources may appear, they are hardly sufficient to defray the enormous expence of his government. About two millions sterling per annum of his revenue are said to be anticipated for paying the interest of the public debts; and the rest is found inadequate to the charge of a prodigious standing army, a double frontier of fortified towns, and the extravagant appointments of ambassadors, generals, governors, intendants, commandants, and other officers of the crown, all of whom affect a pomp, which is equally ridiculous and prodigal. A French general in the field is always attended by thirty or forty cooks; and thinks it is incumbent upon him, for the glory of France, to give a hundred dishes every

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every day at his table. When don Philip, and the marechal duke de Belleiſle, had their quarters at Nice, there were fifty ſcullions conſtantly employed in the great ſquare in plucking poultry. This abſurd luxury infects their whole army. Even the commiſſaries keep open table; and nothing is ſeen but prodigality and profuſion. The king of Sardinia proceeds upon another plan. His troops are better cloathed, better payed, and better fed than thoſe of France. The commandant of Nice has about four hundred a year of appointments, which enable him to live decently, and even to entertain ſtrangers. On the other hand, the commandant of Antibes, which is in all reſpects more inconſiderable than Nice, has from the French king above five times the ſum to ſupport the glory of his monarch, which all the ſenſible part of mankind treat with ridicule and contempt. But the finances of France are ſo ill managed, that many of their commandants, and other officers, have not been able to draw their appointments theſe two years. In vain they complain and remonſtrate. When they grow troubleſome they are removed.

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moved. How then muſt they ſupport the glory of France? how, but by oppreſſing the poor people. The treaſurer makes uſe of their money for his own benefit. The king knows it; he knows his officers thus defrauded, fleece and oppreſs his people: but he thinks proper to wink at theſe abuſes. That government may be ſaid to be weak and tottering which finds itſelf obliged to connive at ſuch proceedings. The king of France, in order to give ſtrength and ſtability to his adminiſtration, ought to have ſenſe to adopt a ſage plan of oeconomy, and vigour of mind ſufficient to execute it in all its parts, with the moſt rigorous exactneſs. He ought to have courage enough to find fault, and even to puniſh the delinquents, of what quality ſoever they may be: and the firſt act of reformation ought to be a total abolition of all the farms. There are, undoubtedly, many marks of relaxation in the reins of the French government, and, in all probability, the ſubjects of France will be the firſt to take advantage of it. There is at preſent a violent fermentation of different principles among them, which under the reign

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of a very weak prince, or during a long minority, may produce a great change in the conſtitution. In proportion to the progreſs of reaſon and philoſophy, which have made great advances in this kingdom, ſuperſtition loſes ground; antient prejudices give way; a ſpirit of freedom takes the aſcendant. All the learned laity of France deteſt the hierarchy as a plan of deſpotiſm, founded on impoſture and uſurpation. The proteſtants, who are very numerous in the ſouthern parts, abhor it with all the rancour of religious fanaticiſm. Many of the commons, enriched by commerce and manufacture, grow impatient of thoſe odious diſtinctions, which exclude them from the honours and privileges due to their importance in the commonwealth; and all the parliaments, or tribunals of juſtice in the kingdom, ſeem bent upon aſſerting their rights and independence in the face of the king's prerogative, and even at the expence of his power and authority. Should any prince therefore be ſeduced by evil counſellors, or miſled by his own bigotry, to take ſome arbitrary ſtep, that may be extremely diſagreeable to all thoſe com-

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communities, without having ſpirit to exert the violence of his power for the ſupport of his meaſures, he will become equally deteſted and deſpiſed; and the influence of the commons will inſenſibly encroach upon the pretenſions of the crown. But if in the time of a minority, the power of the government ſhould be divided among different competitors for the regency, the parliaments and people will find it ſtill more eaſy to acquire and aſcertain the liberty at which they aſpire, becauſe they will have the balance of power in their hands, and be able to make either ſcale preponderate. I could ſay a great deal more upon this ſubject; and I have ſome remarks to make relating to the methods which might be taken in caſe of a freſh rupture with France, for making a vigorous impreſſion on that kingdom. But theſe I muſt defer till another occaſion, having neither room nor leiſure at preſent to add any thing, but that I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Nice, April 2, 1763.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS I have now paſſed a ſecond winter at Nice I think myſelf qualified to make ſome further remarks on this climate. During the heats of laſt ſummer, I flattered myſelf with the proſpect of the fine weather I ſhould enjoy in the winter; but neither I, nor any perſon in this country, could foreſee the rainy weather that prevailed from the middle of November, till the twentieth of March. In this ſhort period of four months, we have had fifty-ſix days of rain, which I take to be a greater quantity than generally falls during the ſix worſt months of the year in the county of Middleſex, eſpecially as it was, for the moſt part, a heavy, continued rain. The ſouth winds generally predominate in the wet ſeaſon at Nice: but this winter the rain was accompanied with every wind that blows, except the ſouth; though the

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the moſt frequent were thoſe that came from the eaſt and north quarters. Notwithſtanding theſe great rains, ſuch as were never known before at Nice in the memory of man, the intermediate days of fair weather were delightful, and the ground ſeemed perfectly dry. The air itſelf was perfectly free from moiſture. Though I live upon a ground floor, ſurrounded on three ſides by a garden, I could not perceive the leaſt damp, either on the floors, or the furniture; neither was I much incommoded by the aſthma, which uſed always to harraſs me moſt in wet weather. In a word, I paſſed the winter here much more comfortably than I expected. About the vernal equinox, however, I caught a violent cold, which was attended with a difficulty of breathing, and as the ſun advances towards the tropic, I find myſelf ſtill more ſubject to rheums. As the heat increaſes, the humours of the body are rarefied, and, of conſequence, the pores of the ſkin are opened; while the eaſt wind ſweeping over the Alps and Appenines, covered with ſnow, continues ſurpriſingly ſharp and penetrating. Even the people of the country, who enjoy good health, are

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are afraid of expoſing themſelves to the air at this ſeaſon, the intemperature of which may laſt till the middle of May, when all the ſnow on the mountains will probably be melted: then the air will become mild and balmy, till, in the progreſs of ſummer, it grows diſagreeably hot, and the ſtrong evaporation from the ſea makes it ſo ſaline, as to be unhealthy for thoſe who have a ſcorbutical habit. When the ſea-breeze is high, this evaporation is ſo great as to cover the ſurface of the body with a kind of volatile brine, as I plainly perceived laſt ſummer. I am more and more convinced that this climate is unfavourable for the ſcurvy. Were I obliged to paſs my life in it, I would endeavour to find a country retreat among the mountains, at ſome diſtance from the ſea, where I might enjoy a cool air, free from this impregnation, unmoleſted by thoſe flies, gnats, and other vermin, which render the lower parts almoſt uninhabitable. To this place I would retire in the month of June, and there continue till the beginning of October, when I would return to my habitation in Nice, where the winter is remarkably

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ably mild and agreeable. In March and April however, I would not adviſe a valetudinarian to go forth, without taking precaution againſt the cold. An agreeable ſummer retreat may be found on the other ſide of the Var, at, or near the town of Graſſe, which is pleaſantly ſituated on the aſcent of a hill in Provence, about ſeven Engliſh miles from Nice. This place is famous for its pomatum, gloves, waſh-balls, perfumes, and toilette-boxes, lined with bergamot. I am told it affords good lodging, and is well ſupplied with proviſions.

We are now preparing for our journey to England, from the exerciſe of which I promiſe myſelf much benefit: a journey extremely agreeable, not only on that account, but alſo becauſe it will reſtore me to the company of my friends, and remove me from a place where I leave nothing but the air, which I can poſſibly regret. The only friendſhip I have contracted at Nice are with ſtrangers, who, like myſelf, only ſojourn here for a ſeaſon. I now find by experience, it is great folly to buy furniture, unleſs one is reſolved to ſettle here for

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for ſome years. The Niſſards aſſured me, with great confidence, that I ſhould always be able to ſell it for a very little loſs; whereas I find myſelf obliged to part with it for about one-third of what it coſt. I have ſent for a coach to Aix, and as ſoon as it arrives, ſhall take my departure; ſo that the next letter you receive from me will be dated at ſome place on the road. I purpoſe to take Antibes, Toulon, Marſeilles, Aix, Avignon, and Orange, in my way: places which I have not yet ſeen; and where, perhaps, I ſhall find ſomething for your amuſement, which will always be a conſideration of ſome weight with,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

To Dr. S—— at *Nice*.

Turin, March 12, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am juſt returned from an excurſion to Turin, which is about thirty leagues from hence, the greater part of the way lying over frightful mountains covered with ſnow. The difficulty of the road, however, reaches no farther than Coni, from whence there is an open highway through a fine plain country, as far as the capital of Piedmont, and the traveller is accommodated with chaiſe and horſes to proceed either poſt, or by cambiatura, as in other parts of Italy. There are only two ways of performing the journey over the mountains from Nice; one is to ride a mule-back, and the other to be carried in a chair. The former I choſe, and ſet out with my ſervant on the ſeventh day of February at two in the afternoon. I was hardly clear of Nice, when it began to rain ſo hard that in leſs

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leſs than an hour the mud was half a foot deep in many parts of the road. This was the only inconvenience we ſuffered, the way being in other reſpects practicable enough; for there is but one ſmall hill to croſs on this ſide of the village of L'Eſcarene, where we arrived about ſix in the evening. The ground in this neighbourhood is tolerably cultivated, and the mountains are planted to the tops with olive trees. The accommodation here is ſo very bad, that I had no inclination to be a bed longer than was abſolutely neceſſary for refreſhment; and therefore I proceeded on my journey at two in the morning, conducted by a guide, whom I hired for this purpoſe at the rate of three livres a day. Having aſcended one ſide, and deſcended the other, of the mountain called Braus, which took up four hours, though the road is not bad, we at ſix reached the village of Soſpello, which is agreeably ſituated in a ſmall valley, ſurrounded by prodigious high and barren mountains. This little plain is pretty fertile, and being watered by a pleaſant ſtream, forms a delightful contraſt with the hideous rocks that ſurround it. Having repoſed my-

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ſelf and my mules two hours at this place, we continued our journey over the ſecond mountain, called Brovis, which is rather more conſiderable than the firſt, and in four hours arrived at La Giandola, a tolerable inn ſituated betwixt the high road and a ſmall river, about a gunſhot from the town of Brieglie, which we leave on the right. As we jogged along in the grey of the morning, I was a little ſtartled at two figures which I ſaw before me, and began to put my piſtols in order. It muſt be obſerved that theſe mountains are infeſted with *contrabandiers*, a ſet of ſmuggling peaſants, very bold and deſperate, who make a traffic of ſelling tobacco, ſalt, and other merchandize, which have not payed duty, and ſometimes lay travellers under contribution. I did not doubt but there was a gang of theſe free-booters at hand; but as no more than two perſons appeared, I reſolved to let them know we were prepared for defence, and fired one of my piſtols, in hope that the report of it, echoed from the ſurrounding rocks, would produce a proper effect: but, the mountains and roads being entirely covered with ſnow to a conſiderable depth,

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depth, there was little or no reverberation, and the ſound was not louder than that of a pop-gun, although the piece contained a good charge of powder. Nevertheleſs, it did not fail to engage the attention of the ſtrangers, one of whom immediately wheeled to the left about, and being by this time very near me, gave me an opportunity of contemplating his whole perſon. He was very tall, meagre, and yellow, with a long hooked noſe, and ſmall twinkling eyes. His head was caſed in a woollen night-cap, over which he wore a flapped hat; he had a ſilk handkerchief about his neck, and his mouth was furniſhed with a ſhort wooden pipe, from which he diſcharged wreathing clouds of tobacco-ſmoke. He was wrapped in a kind of capot of green bays, lined with wolf-ſkin, had a pair of monſtrous boots, quilted on the inſide with cotton, was almoſt covered with dirt, and rode a mule ſo low that his long legs hung dangling within ſix inches of the ground. This groteſque figure was ſo much more ludicrous than terrible, that I could not help laughing; when taking his pipe out of his mouth, he very politely accoſted me by name.

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You may eaſily gueſs I was exceedingly ſurpriſed at ſuch an addreſs on the top of the mountain Brovis: but he forthwith put an end to it to, by diſcovering himſelf to be the marquis M. whom I had the honour to be acquainted with at Nice. After having rallied him upon his equipage, he gave me to underſtand he had ſet out from Nice the morning of the ſame day that I departed; that he was going to Turin, and that he had ſent one of his ſervants before him to Coni with his baggage. Knowing him to be an agreeable companion, I was glad of this encounter, and we reſolved to travel the reſt of the way together. We dined at La Giandola, and in the afternoon rode along the little river Roida, which runs in a bottom between frightful precipices, and in ſeveral places forms natural caſcades, the noiſe of which had well-nigh deprived us of the ſenſe of hearing; after a winding courſe among theſe mountains, it diſcharges itſelf into the Mediterranean at Vintimiglia, in the territory of Genoa. As the ſnow did not lie on theſe mountains, when we cracked our whips, there was ſuch a repercuſſion of the ſound as is altogether

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together inconceivable. We paſſed by the village of Saorgio, ſituated on an eminence, where there is a ſmall fortreſs which commands the whole paſs, and in five hours arrived at our inn, on this ſide the Col de Tende, where we took up our quarters, but had very little reaſon to boaſt of our entertainment. Our greateſt difficulty, however, conſiſted in pulling off the marquis's boots, which were of the kind called Seafarot, by this time ſo loaded with dirt on the outſide, and ſo ſwelled with the rain within, that he could neither drag them after him as he walked, nor diſencumber his legs of them, without ſuch violence as ſeemed almoſt ſufficient to tear him limb from limb. In a word, we were obliged to tie a rope about his heel, and all the people in the houſe aſſiſting to pull, the poor marquis was drawn from one end of the apartment to the other before the boot would give way: at laſt his legs were happily diſengaged, and the machines carefully dried and ſtuffed for next day's journey.

We took our departure from hence at three in the morning, and at four, began to mount the Col de Tende, which is by far the higheſt

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mountain in the whole journey: it was now quite covered with ſnow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up, there are quarters for a detachment of ſoldiers, poſted here to prevent ſmuggling, and an inn called La Ca, which in the language of the country ſignifies the houſe. At this place, we hired ſix men to aſſiſt us in aſcending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of hough to break the ice, and make a ſort of ſteps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain ſupported each by two of thoſe men, called Coulants, who walk upon the ſnow with great firmneſs and ſecurity. We were followed by the mules, and though they are very ſure-footed animals, and were froſt-ſhod for the occaſion, they ſtumbled and fell very often; the ice being ſo hard that the ſharp headed nails in their ſhoes could not penetrate. Having reached the top of this mountain, from whence there is no proſpect but of other rocks and mountains, we prepared for deſcending on the other ſide by the Lezo, which is an occaſional ſledge made of two

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pieces of wood, carried up by the Coulants for this purpoſe. I did not much reliſh this kind of carriage, eſpecially as the mountain was very ſteep, and covered with ſuch a thick fog that we could hardly ſee two or three yards before us. Nevertheleſs, our guides were ſo confident, and my companion, who had paſſed the ſame way on other occaſions, was ſo ſecure, that I ventured to place myſelf on this machine, one of the coulants ſtanding behind me, and the other ſitting before, as the conductor, with his feet paddling among the ſnow, in order to moderate the velocity of its deſcent. Thus accommodated, we deſcended the mountain with ſuch rapidity, that in an hour we reached Limon, which is the native place of almoſt all the muleteers who tranſport merchandize from Nice to Coni and Turin. Here we waited full two hours for the mules, which travelled with the ſervants by the common road. To each of the coulants we paid forty ſols, which are nearly equal to two ſhillings ſterling. Leaving Limon, we were in two hours quite diſengaged from the gorges of the mountains, which are partly covered with wood and paſturage,

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paſturage, though altogether inacceſſible, except in ſummer; but from the foot of the Col de Tende, the road lies through a plain all the way to Turin. We took ſix hours to travel from the inn where we had lodged over the mountain to Limon, and five hours from thence to Coni. Here we found our baggage, which we had ſent off by the carriers one day before we departed from Nice; and here we diſmiſſed our guides, together with the mules. In winter, you have a mule for this whole journey at the rate of twenty livres; and the guides are payed at the rate of two livres a day, reckoning ſix days, three for the journey to Coni, and three for their return to Nice. We ſet out ſo early in the morning in order to avoid the inconveniencies and dangers that attend the paſſage of this mountain. The firſt of theſe ariſes from your meeting with long ſtrings of loaded mules in a ſlippery road, the breadth of which does not exceed a foot and an half. As it is altogether impoſſible for two mules to paſs each other in ſuch a narrow path, the muleteers have made doublings or elbows in different parts, and when the troops of mules meet,

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meet, the leaſt numerous is obliged to turn off into one of theſe doublings, and there halt until the others are paſt. Travellers in order to avoid this diſagreeable delay, which is the more vexatious, conſidering the exceſſive cold, begin the aſcent of the mountain early in the morning before the mules quit their inns. But the great danger of travelling here when the ſun is up, proceeds from what they call the Valanches. Theſe are balls of ſnow detached from the mountains which over top the road, either by the heat of the ſun, or the humidity of the weather. A piece of ſnow thus looſened from the rock, though perhaps not above three or four feet in diameter, increaſes ſometimes in its deſcent to ſuch a degree, as to become two hundred paces in length, and rolls down with ſuch rapidity, that the traveller is cruſhed to death before he can make three ſteps on the road. Theſe dreadful heaps drag every thing along with them in their deſcent. They tear up huge trees by the roots, and if they chance to fall upon a houſe, demoliſh it to the foundation. Accidents of this nature ſeldom happen in the winter while the weather is dry; and yet

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ſcarce a year paſſes in which ſome mules and their drivers do not periſh by the valanches. At Coni we found the counteſs C— from Nice, who had made the ſame journey in a chair, carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a ſtraw bottom, covered above with waxed cloth, to protect the traveller from the rain or ſnow, and provided with a foot-board upon which the feet reſt. It is carried like a ſedan-chair; and for this purpoſe ſix or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a head per day, according to the ſeaſon, allowing three days for their return. Of theſe ſix men, two are between the poles carrying like common chairmen, and each of theſe is ſupported by the other two, one at each hand: but as thoſe in the middle ſuſtain the greateſt burthen, they are relieved by the others in a regular rotation. In deſcending the mountain, they carry the poles on their ſhoulders, and in that caſe, four men are employed, one at each end.

At Coni, you may have a chaiſe to go with the ſame horſes to Turin, for which you pay fifteen livres, and are a day and a half

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half on the way. You may poſt it, however, in one day, and then the price is ſeven livres ten ſols per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtilion. The method we took was that of cambiatura. This is a chaiſe with horſes ſhifted at the ſame ſtages that are uſed in poſting: but as it is ſuppoſed to move ſlower, we pay but five livres per poſt, and ten ſols to the poſtilion. In order to quicken its pace, we gave ten ſols extraordinary to each poſtilion, and for this gratification, he drove us even faſter than the poſt. The chaiſes are like thoſe of Italy, and will take on near two hundred weight of baggage.

Coni is ſituated between two ſmall ſtreams, and though neither very large nor populous, is conſiderable for the ſtrength of its fortifications. It is honoured with the title of the Maiden-Fortreſs, becauſe though ſeveral times beſieged, it was never taken. The prince of Conti inveſted it in the war of 1744; but he was obliged to raiſe the ſiege, after having given battle to the king of Sardinia. The place was gallantly defended by the baron Leutrum, a German proteſtant, the beſt general in the Sardinian ſervice: but what contributed

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tributed moſt to the miſcarriage of the enemy, was a long tract of heavy rains, which deſtroyed all their works, and rendered their advances impracticable.

I need not tell you that Piedmont is one of the moſt fertile and agreeable countries in Europe, and this the moſt agreeable part of all Piedmont, though it now appeared to diſadvantage from the rigorous ſeaſon of the year: I ſhall only obſerve that we paſſed through Sabellian, which is a conſiderable town, and arrived in the evening at Turin. We entered this fine city by the gate of Nice, and paſſing through the elegant Piazza di San Carlo, took up our quarters at the Bona Fama, which ſtands at one corner of the great ſquare, called La Piazza Caſtel.

Were I even diſpoſed to give a deſcription of Turin, I ſhould be obliged to poſtpone it till another opportunity, having no room at preſent to ſay any thing more, but that I am always

Yours.

LETTER

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LETTER XXXIX.

Aix en Provence, May 10, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I AM thus far on my way to England. I had resolved to leave Nice, without having the least dispute with any one native of the place; but I found it impossible to keep this resolution. My landlord, Mr. C—, a man of fashion, with whose family we had always lived in friendship, was so reasonable as to expect I should give him up the house and garden, though they were to be paid for till Michaelmas, and peremptorily declared I should not be permitted to sub-let them to any other person. He had of his own accord assured me more than once that he would take my furniture off my hands, and trusting to this assurance, I had lost the opportunity of disposing it to advantage: but, when the time of my departure drew near, he refused to take it, at the same time insisting

inſiſting upon having the key of the houſe, and garden, as well as on being paid the whole rent directly, though it would not be due till the middle of September. I was ſo exaſperated at this treatment from a man whom I had cultivated with particular reſpect, that I determined to conteſt it at law; but the affair was accommodated by the mediation of a father of the Minims, a friend to both, and a merchant of Nice, who charged himſelf with the care of the houſe and furniture. A ſtranger muſt conduct himſelf with the utmoſt circumſpection to be able to live among theſe people without being the dupe of impoſition.

I had ſent to Aix for a coach and four horſes, which I hired at the rate of eighteen French livres a day, being equal to fifteen ſhillings and nine-pence ſterling. The river Var was ſo ſwelled by the melting of the ſnow on the mountains, as to be impaſſable by any wheel-carriage; and, therefore, the coach remained at Antibes, to which we went by water, the diſtance being about nine or ten miles. This is the Antipolis of the antients, ſaid to have been built like Nice, by a

colony,

colony from Marſeilles. In all probability, however, it was later than the foundation of Nice, and took its name from its being ſituated directly oppoſite to that city. Pliny ſays it was famous for its tunny-fiſhery; and to this circumſtance Martial alludes in the following lines:

"*Antipolitani, fateor, ſum filia thynni.*
Eſſem ſi Scombri non tibi miſſa forem."

At preſent, it is the frontier of France towards Italy, pretty ſtrongly fortified, and garriſoned by a battalion of ſoldiers. The town is ſmall and inconſiderable: but the baſin of the harbour is ſurrounded to ſeaward by a curious bulwark founded upon piles driven in the water, conſiſting of a wall, ramparts, caſemates, and quay. Veſſels lie very ſafe in this harbour; but there is not water at the entrance of it to admit of ſhips of any burthen. The ſhallows run ſo far off from the coaſt, that a ſhip of force cannot lie near enough to batter the town; but it was bombarded in the late war. Its chief ſtrength by land conſiſts in a ſmall quadrangular fort detached from the body of the place, which,

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in a particular manner, commands the entrance of the harbour. The wall of the town built in the sea has embrasures and salient angles, on which a great number of cannon may be mounted.

I think the adjacent country is much more pleasant than that on the side of Nice; and there is certainly no essential difference in the climate. The ground here is not so encumbered; it is laid out in agreeable inclosures, with intervals of open fields, and the mountains rise with an easy ascent at a much greater distance from the sea, than on the other side of the bay. Besides, here are charming rides along the beach, which is smooth and firm. When we passed in the last week of April, the corn was the in ear; the cherries were almost ripe; and the figs had begun to blacken. I had embarked my heavy baggage on board a London ship, which happened to be at Nice, ready to sail: as for our small trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very superficially, in consequence of tipping the searcher with half

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a crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaus in this country.

We lay at Cannes, a neat village, charmingly ſituated on the beach of the Mediterranean, exactly oppoſite to the iſles Marguerites, where ſtate-priſoners are confined. As there are ſome good houſes in this place, I would rather live here for the ſake of the mild climate, than either at Antibes or Nice. Here you are not cooped up within walls, nor crouded with ſoldiers and people: but are already in the country, enjoy a fine air, and are well ſupplied with all ſorts of fiſh.

The mountain of Eſterelles, which in one of my former letters I deſcribed as a moſt romantic and noble plantation of ever-greens, trees, ſhrubs, and aromatic plants, is at preſent quite deſolate. Laſt ſummer, ſome execrable villains ſet fire to the pines, when the wind was high. It continued burning for months, and the conflagration extended above ten leagues, conſuming an incredible quantity of timber. The ground is now naked on each ſide of the road, or occupied by the black trunks of the trees, which have been ſcorched without falling. They ſtand as ſo

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many monuments of the judgment of heaven, filling the mind with horror and compassion! I could hardly refrain from shedding tears at this dismal spectacle, when I recalled the idea of what it was about eighteen months ago.

As we stayed all night at Frejus, I had an opportunity of viewing the amphitheatre at leisure. As near as I can judge by the eye, it is of the same dimensions with that of Nismes; but shockingly dilapidated. The stone seats rising from the arena are still extant, and the cells under them, where the wild beasts were kept. There are likewise the remains of two galleries one over another; and two vomitoria or great gateways at opposite sides of the arena, which is now a fine green, with a road through the middle of it: but all the external architecture and the ornaments are demolished. The most entire part of the wall now constitutes part of a monastery, the monks of which, I am told, have helped to destroy the amphitheatre, by removing the stones for their own purposes of building. In the neighbourhood of this amphitheatre, which stands without the walls,

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are the vestiges of an old edifice, said to have been the palace where the imperator or president resided: for it was a Roman colony, much favoured by Julius Cæsar, who gave it the name of Forum Julii, and Civitas Forojulienſis. In all probability, it was he who built the amphitheatre, and brought hither the water ten leagues from the river of Ciagne, by means of an aqueduct, ſome arcades of which are ſtill ſtanding on the other ſide of the town. A great number of ſtatues were found in this place, together with antient inſcriptions, which have been publiſhed by different authors. I need not tell you that Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, the hiſtorian, was a native of Frejus, which is now a very poor inconſiderable place. From hence the country opens to the left, forming an extenſive plain between the ſea and the mountains, which are a continuation of the Alps, that ſtretches through Provence and Dauphiné. This plain watered with pleaſant ſtreams, and varied with vineyards, corn-fields, and meadow-ground, afforded a moſt agreeable proſpect to our eyes, which were accuſtomed to the

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sight of scorching sands, rugged rocks, and abrupt mountains in the neighbourhood of Nice. Although this has much the appearance of a corn-country, I am told it does not produce enough for the consumption of its inhabitants, who are obliged to have annual supplies from abroad, imported at Marseilles. A Frenchman, at an average, eats three times the quantity of bread that satisfies a native of England, and indeed it is undoubtedly the staff of his life. I am therefore surprized that the Provençaux do not convert part of their vineyards into cornfields: for they may boast of their wine as they please; but that which is drank by the common people, not only here, but also in all the wine countries of France, is neither so strong, nourishing, nor (in my opinion) so pleasant to the taste as the small-beer of England. It must be owned that all the peasants who have wine for their ordinary drink, are of a diminutive size, in comparison of those who use milk, beer, or even water; and it is a constant observation, that when there is a scarcity of wine, the common people are always more healthy, than in those

seasons

seasons when it abounds. The longer I live, the more I am convinced that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human constitution; and that for the preservation of health, and exhileration of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to simple water. Between Luc and Toulon, the country is delightfully parcelled out into inclosures. Here is plenty of rich pasturage for black cattle, and a greater number of pure streams and rivulets than I have observed in any other parts of France.

Toulon is a considerable place, even exclusive of the basin, docks, and arsenal, which indeed are such as justify the remark made by a stranger when he viewed them. "The king of France (said he) is greater at Toulon than at Versailles." The quay, the jetties, the docks, and magazines, are contrived and executed with precision, order, solidity, and magnificence. I counted fourteen ships of the line lying unrigged in the basin, besides the Tonant of eighty guns, which was in dock repairing, and a new frigate on the stocks. I was credibly informed that in the last war, the king of France was so ill-

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served with cannon for his navy, that in every action there was scarce a ship which had not several pieces burst. These accidents did great damage, and discouraged the French mariners to such a degree, that they became more afraid of their own guns than of those of the English. There are now at Toulon above two thousand pieces of iron cannon unfit for service. This is an undeniable proof of the weakness and neglect of the French administration; but a more surprizing proof of their imbecility, is the state of the fortifications that defend the entrance of this very harbour. I have some reason to think that they trusted for its security entirely to our opinion that it must be inaccessible. Capt. E——, of one of our frigates, lately entered the harbour with a contrary wind, which by obliging him to tack, afforded an opportunity of sounding the whole breadth and length of the passage. He came in without a pilot, and made a pretence of buying cordage, or some other stores; but the French officers were much chagrined at the boldness of his enterprize. They alledged that he came for no other reason but to sound the channel; and that he had an

engineer

engineer aboard, who made drawings of the land and the forts, their bearings and distances. In all probability, these suspicions were communicated to the ministry; for an order immediately arrived, that no stranger should be admitted into the docks and arsenal.

Part of the road from hence to Marseilles lies through a vast mountain, which resembles that of Estrelles; but is not so well covered with wood, though it has the advantage of an agreeable stream running through the bottom.

I was much pleased with Marseilles, which is indeed a noble city, large, populous, and flourishing. The streets, for the most part, are open, airy, and spacious; the houses well built, and even magnificent. The harbour is an oval basin, surrounded on every side either by the buildings or the land, so that the shipping lies perfectly secure; and here is generally an incredible number of vessels. On the city side, there is a semi-circular quay of free-stone, which extends thirteen hundred paces; and the space between this and the houses that front it, is continually filled with a surprising croud of people. The gallies,

to

to the number of eight or nine, are moored with their sterns to one part of the wharf, and the slaves are permitted to work for their own benefit at their respective occupations, in little shops or booths, which they rent for a trifle. There you see tradesmen of all kinds sitting at work, chained by one foot, shoemakers, taylors, silversmiths, watch and clockmakers, barbers, stocking-weavers, jewellers, pattern-drawers, scriveners, booksellers, cutlers, and all manner of shop-keepers. They pay about two sols a day to the king for this indulgence; live well and look jolly; and can afford to sell their goods and labour much cheaper than other dealers and tradesmen. At night, however, they are obliged to lie aboard. Notwithstanding the great face of business at Marseilles, their trade is greatly on the decline; and their merchants are failing every day. This decay of commerce is in a great measure owing to the English, who, at the peace, poured in such a quantity of European merchandize into Martinique and Guadalupe, that when the merchants of Marseilles sent over their cargoes, they found the markets overstocked, and were obliged

to

to sell for a considerable loss. Besides, the French colonists had such a stock of sugars, coffee, and other commodities lying by them during the war, that upon the first notice of peace, they shipped them off in great quantities for Marseilles. I am told that the produce of the islands is at present cheaper here than where it grows; and on the other hand the merchandize of this country sells for less money at Martinique than in Provence.

A single person, who travels in this country, may live at a reasonable rate, in these towns, by eating at the public ordinaries: but I would advise all families that come hither to make any stay, to take furnished lodgings as soon as they can; for the expence of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged to pay at Marseilles four livres a head for every meal, and half that price for my servant, and was charged six livres a day besides for the apartment; so that our daily expence, including breakfast and a valet de place, amounted to two loui'dores. The same imposition prevails all over the south of France, though it is the cheapest and most plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it

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must be owing to the folly and extravagance of English travellers, who have allowed themselves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authorized by custom. It is very disagreeable riding in the avenues of Marseilles, because you are confined in a dusty high road, crouded with carriages and beasts of burden, between two white walls, the reflection from which, while the sun shines, is intolerable. But in this neighbourhood there is a vast number of pleasant country-houses, called Bastides, said to amount to twelve thousand, some of which may be rented ready furnished at a very reasonable price. Marseilles is a gay city, and the inhabitants indulge themselves in a variety of amusements. They have assemblies, a concert spirituel, and a comedy. Here is also a spacious cours, or walk shaded with trees, to which in the evening there is a great resort of well-dressed people.

Marseilles being a free port, there is a bureau about half a league from the city on the road to Aix, where all carriages undergo examination, and if any thing contraband is found, the vehicle, baggage, and even the horses

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horses are confiscated. We escaped this disagreeable ceremony by the sagacity of our driver. Of his own accord, he declared at the bureau, that we had bought a pound of coffee and some sugar at Marseilles, and were ready to pay the duty, which amounted to about ten sols. They took the money, gave him a receipt, and let the carriage pass, without further question.

I proposed to stay one night only at Aix; but Mr. A—r, who is here, had found such benefit from drinking the waters, that I was persuaded to make trial of them for eight or ten days. I have accordingly taken private lodgings, and drank them every morning at the fountain-head, not without finding considerable benefit. In my next I shall say something further of these waters, though I am afraid they will not prove a source of much entertainment. It will be sufficient for me to find them contribute in any degree to the health of

Dear Sir,

Yours assuredly,

LET-

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LETTER XL.

Boulogne, May 13, 1765.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I Found three English families at Aix, with whom I could have passed my time very agreeably; but the society is now dissolved. Mr. S—re and his lady left the place in a few days after we arrived. Mr. A—r and lady Betty are gone to Geneva: and Mr. G—r with his family remains at Aix. This gentleman, who laboured under a most dreadful nervous asthma, has obtained such relief from this climate, that he intends to stay another year in the place: and Mr. A—r found surprizing benefit from drinking the waters, for a scorbutical complaint. As I was incommoded by both these disorders, I could not but in justice to myself, try the united efforts of the air and the waters; especially as this consideration was re-inforced by the kind and pressing exhortations of Mr. A—r and

and lady Betty, which I could not in gratitude reſiſt.

Aix, the capital of Provence, is a large city, watered by the ſmall river Are. It was a Roman colony, ſaid to be founded by Caius Sextus Calvinus, above a century before the birth of Chriſt. From the ſource of mineral water here found, added to the conſul's name, it was called Aquæ Sextiæ. It was here that Marius, the conqueror of the Teutones, fixed his head-quarters, and embelliſhed the place with temples, aqueducts, and thermæ, of which, however, nothing now remains. The city, as it now ſtands, is well built, though the ſtreets in general are narrow, and kept in a very dirty condition. But it has a noble *cours* planted with double rows of tall trees, and adorned with three or four fine fountains, the middlemoſt of which diſcharges hot water ſupplied from the ſource of the baths. On each ſide there is a row of elegant houſes, inhabited chiefly by the nobleſſe, of which there is here a conſiderable number. The parliament, which is held at Aix, brings hither a great reſort of people; and as many of the inhabitants are

perſons

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perſons of faſhion, they are well bred, gay, and ſociable. The duc de Villars, who is governor of the province, reſides on the ſpot, and keeps an open aſſembly, where ſtrangers are admitted without reſerve, and made very welcome, if they will engage in play, which is the ſole occupation of the whole company. Some of our Engliſh people complain, that when they were preſented to him, they met with a very cold reception. The French, as well as other foreigners, have no idea of a man of family and faſhion, without the title of duke, count, marquis, or lord, and where an Engliſh gentleman is introduced by the ſimple expreſſion of *monſieur tel*, they think he is ſome plebeian, unworthy of any particular attention.

Aix is ſituated in a bottom, almoſt ſurrounded by hills, which, however do not ſcreen it from the Bize, or north wind, that blows extremely ſharp in the winter and ſpring, rendering the air almoſt inſupportably cold, and very dangerous to thoſe who have ſome kinds of pulmonary complaints, ſuch as tubercules, abſceſſes, or ſpitting of blood. Lord H——, who paſſed part of laſt winter

in

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in this place, afflicted with ſome of theſe ſymptoms, grew worſe every day while he continued at Aix: but, he no ſooner removed to Marſeilles, than all his complaints abated; ſuch a difference there is in the air of theſe two places, though the diſtance between them does not exceed ten or twelve miles. But the air of Marſeilles, though much more mild than that of Aix in the winter, is not near ſo warm as the climate of Nice, where we find in plenty ſuch flowers, fruit, and vegetables, even in the ſevereſt ſeaſon, as will not grow and ripen, either at Marſeilles or Toulon.

If the air of Aix is diſagreeably cold in the winter, it is rendered quite inſufferable in the ſummer, from exceſſive heat, occaſioned by the reflexion from the rocks and mountains, which at the ſame time obſtruct the circulation of air: for it muſt be obſerved, that the ſame mountains which ſerve as funnels and canals, to collect and diſcharge the keen blaſts of winter, will provide ſcreens to intercept intirely the faint breezes of ſummer. Aix, though pretty well provided with butcher's meat, is very ill ſupplied with pot-herbs;

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and they have no poultry but what comes at a vaſt diſtance from the Lionnois. They ſay their want of roots, cabbage, cauliflower, &c. is owing to a ſcarcity of water: but the truth is, they are very bad gardeners. Their oil is good and cheap: their wine is indifferent: but their chief care ſeems employed on the culture of ſilk, the ſtaple of Provence, which is every where ſhaded with plantations of mulberry trees, for the nouriſhment of the worms. Notwithſtanding the boaſted cheapneſs of every article of houſekeeping, in the ſouth of France, I am perſuaded a family may live for leſs money at York, Durham, Hereford, and in many other cities of England than at Aix in Provence; keep a more plentiful table; and be much more comfortably ſituated in all reſpects. I found lodging and proviſion at Aix fifty per cent. dearer than at Montpellier, which is counted the deareſt place in Languedoc.

The baths of Aix, ſo famous in antiquity, were quite demoliſhed by the irruptions of the Barbarians. The very ſource of the water was loſt, till the beginning of the preſent century, (I think the year 1704) when it

was

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was discovered by accident, in digging for the foundation of a house, at the foot of a hill, just without the city wall. Near the same place was found a small stone altar, with the figure of a Priapus, and some letters in capitals, which the antiquarians have differently interpreted. From this figure, it was supposed that the waters were efficacious in cases of barrenness. It was a long time, however, before any person would venture to use them internally, as it did not appear that they had ever been drank by the antients. On their re-appearance, they were chiefly used for baths to horses, and other beasts which had the mange, and other cutaneous eruptions. At length poor people began to bathe in them for the same disorders, and received such benefit from them, as attracted the attention of more curious inquirers. A very superficial and imperfect analysis was made and published, with a few remarkable histories of the cures they had performed, by three different physicians of those days; and those little treatises, I suppose, encouraged valetudinarians to drink them without ceremony. They were found

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ſerviceable in the gout, the gravel, ſcurvy, dropſy, palſy, indigeſtion, aſthma, and conſumption; and their fame ſoon extended itſelf all over Languedoc, Gaſcony, Dauphiné, and Provence. The magiſtrates, with a view to render them more uſeful and commodious, have raiſed a plain building, in which there are a couple of private baths, with a bed-chamber adjoining to each, where individuals may uſe them both internally and externally, for a moderate expence. Theſe baths are paved with marble, and ſupplied with water each by a large braſs cock, which you can turn at pleaſure. At one end of this edifice, there is an octagon, open at top, having a baſon, with a ſtone pillar in the middle, which diſcharges water from the ſame ſource, all round, by eight ſmall braſs cocks; and hither people of all ranks come of a morning, with their glaſſes, to drink the water, or waſh their ſores, or ſubject their contracted limbs to the ſtream. This laſt operation, called the *douche*, however, is more effectually undergone in the private bath, where the ſtream is much more powerful. The natural warmth of this water,

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water, as nearly as I can judge from recollection, is about the ſame degree of temperature with that in the Queen's Bath, at Bath in Somerſetſhire. It is perfectly tranſparent, ſparkling in the glaſs, light and agreeable to the taſte, and may be drank without any preparation, to the quantity of three or four pints at a time. There are many people at Aix who ſwallow fourteen half pint glaſſes every morning, during the ſeaſon, which is in the month of May, though it may be taken with equal benefit all the year round. It has no ſenſible operation but by urine, an effect which pure water would produce, if drank in the ſame quantity.

If we may believe thoſe who have publiſhed their experiments, this water produces neither agitation, cloud, or change of colour, when mixed with acids, alkalies, tincture of galls, ſyrup of violets, or ſolution of ſilver. The reſidue, after boiling, evaporation, and filtration, affords a very ſmall proportion of purging ſalt, and calcarious earth, which laſt ferments with ſtrong acids. As I had neither hydrometer nor thermometer to aſcertain the weight and warmth of this water; nor time

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to procure the proper utenſils, to make the preparations, and repeat the experiments neceſſary to exhibit a complete analyſis, I did not pretend to enter upon this proceſs; but contented myſelf with drinking, bathing, and uſing the *douche*, which perfectly anſwered my expectation, having, in eight days, almoſt cured an ugly ſcorbutic tetter, which had for ſome time deprived me of the uſe of my right hand. I obſerved that the water, when uſed externally, left always a kind of oily appearance on the ſkin: that when we boiled it at home, in an earthen pot, the ſteams ſmelled like thoſe of ſulphur, and even affected my lungs in the ſame manner: but the bath itſelf ſmelled ſtrong of a lime-kiln. The water, after ſtanding all night in a bottle, yielded a remarkably vinous taſte and odour, ſomething analogous to that of dulcified ſpirit of nitre. Whether the active particles conſiſt of a volatile vitriol, or a very fine petroleum, or a mixture of both, I ſhall not pretend to determine: but the beſt way I know of diſcovering whether it is really impregnated with a vitriolic principle, too ſubtil and fugitive for the uſual operations of

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chymiſtry, is to place bottles, filled with wine, in the bath, or adjacent room, which wine, if there is really a volatile acid, in any conſiderable quantity, will be pricked in eight and forty hours.

Having ordered our coach to be refitted, and provided with freſh horſes, as well as with another poſtilion, in conſequence of which improvements, I payed at the rate of a loui'dore *per diem* to Lyons and back again, we departed from Aix, and the ſecond day of our journey paſſing the Durance in a boat, lay at Avignon. This river, the Druentia of the antients, is a conſiderable ſtream, extremely rapid, which deſcends from the mountains, and diſcharges itſelf in the Rhone. After violent rains it extends its channel, ſo as to be impaſſible, and often overflows the country to a great extent. In the middle of a plain, betwixt Orgon and this river, we met the coach in which we had travelled eighteen months before, from Lyons to Montpellier, conducted by our old driver Joſeph, who no ſooner recognized my ſervant at a diſtance, by his muſquetoon, than he came running towards

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our carriage, and ſeizing my hand, even ſhed tears of joy. Joſeph had been travelling through Spain, and was ſo imbrowned by the ſun, that he might have paſſed for an Iroquois. I was much pleaſed with the marks of gratitude which the poor fellow expreſſed towards his benefactors. He had ſome private converſation with our *voiturier*, whoſe name was Claude, to whom he gave ſuch a favourable character of us, as in all probablity induced him to be wonderfully obliging during the whole journey.

You know Avignon is a large city belonging to the pope. It was the *Avenio Cavarum* of the antients, and changed maſters ſeveral times, belonging ſucceſſively to the Romans, Burgundians, Franks, the kingdom of Arles, the counts of Provence, and the ſovereigns of Naples. It was ſold in the fourteenth century, by queen Jane I. of Naples, to pope Clement VI. for the ſum of eighty thouſand florins, and ſince that period has continued under the dominion of the ſee of Rome. Not but that when the duc de Crequi, the French ambaſſador, was inſulted at Rome in the year 1662, the parliament of

Provence

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Provence paſſed an arret, declaring the city of Avignon, and the county Venaiſſin, part of the ancient domain of Provence; and therefore reunited it to the crown of France, which accordingly took poſſeſſion; though it was afterwards reſtored to the Roman ſee at the peace of Piſa. The pope, however, holds it by a precarious title, at the mercy of the French king, who may one day be induced to reſume it, upon payment of the original purchaſe-money. As a ſucceſſion of popes reſided here for the ſpace of ſeventy years, the city could not fail to be adorned with a great number of magnificent churches and convents, which are richly embelliſhed with painting, ſculpture, ſhrines, reliques, and tombs. Among the laſt, is that of the celebrated Laura, whom Petrarch has immortalized by his poetry, and for whom Francis I. of France took the trouble to write an epitaph. Avignon is governed by a vice-legate from the pope, and the police of the city is regulated by the conſuls. It is a large place, ſituated in a fruitful plain, ſurrounded by high walls built of hewn ſtone, which on the weſt ſide are waſhed by the Rhone. Here

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was a noble bridge over the river, but it is now in ruins. On the other side, a branch of the Sorgue runs through part of the city. This is the river anciently called Sulga, formed by the famous fountain of Vaucluse in this neighbourhood, where the poet Petrarch resided. It is a charming transparent stream, abounding with excellent trout and craw-fish. We passed over it on a stone bridge, in our way to Orange, the *Arausio Cavarum* of the Romans, still distinguished by some noble monuments of antiquity. These consist of a circus, an aqueduct, a temple, and a triumphal arch, which last was erected in honour of Caius Marius, and Luctatius Catulus, after the great victory they obtained in this country over the Cimbri and Teutones. It is a very magnificent edifice, adorned on all sides with trophies and battles in basso relievo. The ornaments of the architecture, and the sculpture, are wonderfully elegant for the time in which it was erected; and the whole is surprisingly well preserved, considering its great antiquity. It seems to me to be as entire and perfect as the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. Next

day

day we paſſed two very impetuous ſtreams, the Drome and the Iſere. The firſt, which very much reſembles the Var, we forded: but the Iſere we croſſed in a boat, which as well as that upon the Durance, is managed by the traille, a moveable or running pulley, on a rope ſtretched between two wooden machines erected on the oppoſite ſides of the river. The contrivance is ſimple and effectual, and the paſſage equally ſafe and expeditious. The boatman has nothing to do, but by means of a long maſſy rudder, to keep the head obliquely to the ſtream, the force of which puſhes the boat along, the block to which it is fixed ſliding upon the rope from one ſide to the other. All theſe rivers take their riſe from the mountains, which are continued through Provence and Dauphiné, and fall into the Rhone: and all of them, when ſwelled by ſudden rains, overflow the flat country. Although Dauphiné affords little or no oil, it produces excellent wines, particularly thoſe of Hermitage and Cote-roti. The firſt of theſe is ſold on the ſpot for three livres the bottle, and the other for two. The country likewiſe yields a conſiderable

quantity

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quantity of corn, and a good deal of graſs. It is well watered with ſtreams, and agreeably ſhaded with wood. The weather was pleaſant, and we had a continued ſong of nightingales from Aix to Fountainbleau.

I cannot pretend to ſpecify the antiquities of Vienne, antiently called Vienna Allobrogum. It was a Roman colony, and a conſiderable city, which the antients ſpared no pains and expence to embelliſh. It is ſtill a large town, ſtanding among ſeveral hills on the banks of the Rhone, though all its former ſplendor is eclipſed, its commerce decayed, and moſt of its antiquities are buried in ruins. The church of Notre Dame de la Vie was undoubtedly a temple. On the left of the road, as you enter it, by the gate of Avignon, there is a handſome obeliſk, or rather pyramid, about thirty feet high, raiſed upon a vault ſupported by four pillars of the Tuſcan order. It is certainly a Roman work, and Montfaucon ſuppoſes it to be a tomb, as he perceived an oblong ſtone jetting out from the middle of the vault, in which the aſhes of the defunct were probably contained. The ſtory of Pontius Pilate, who is ſaid to have

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ended his days in this place, is a fable. On the ſeventh day of our journey from Aix, we arrived at Lyons, where I ſhall take my leave of you for the preſent, being with great truth,

Your's, &c.

LETTER XLI.

Boulogne, June 13, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I Am at laſt in a ſituation to indulge my view with a ſight of Britain, after an abſence of two years; and indeed you cannot imagine what pleaſure I feel while I ſurvey the white cliffs of Dover, at this diſtance. Not that I am at all affected by the *neſcia qua dulcedine natalis ſoli*, of Horace. That ſeems to be a kind of fanaticiſm founded on the prejudices of education, which induces a Laplander to place the terreſtrial paradiſe among the ſnows of Norway, and a Swiſs to prefer the barren mountains of Solleure to the fruitful

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fruitful plains of Lombardy. I am attached to my country, becauſe it is the land of liberty, cleanlineſs, and convenience: but I love it ſtill more tenderly, as the ſcene of all my intereſting connexions; as the habitation of my friends, for whoſe converſation, correſpondence, and eſteem, I wiſh alone to live.

Our journey hither from Lyons produced neither accident nor adventure worth notice; but abundance of little vexations, which may be termed the Plagues of Poſting. At Lyons, where we ſtayed only a few days, I found a return-coach, which I hired to Paris for ſix louis'dors. It was a fine roomy carriage, elegantly furniſhed, and made for travelling ſo ſtrong and ſolid in all its parts, that there was no danger of its being ſhaken to pieces by the roughneſs of the road: but its weight and ſolidity occaſioned ſo much friction between the wheels and the axle-tree, that we ran the riſque of being ſet on fire three or four times a day. Upon a juſt compariſon of all circumſtances, poſting is much more eaſy, convenient, and reaſonable in England than in France. The Engliſh carriages, horſes,

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horſes, harneſs, and roads are much better; and the poſtilions more obliging and alert. The reaſon is plain and obvious. If I am ill-uſed at the poſt-houſe in England, I can be accommodated elſewhere. The publicans on the road are ſenſible of this, and therefore they vie with each other in giving ſatisfaction to travellers. But in France, where the poſt is monopolized, the poſt-maſters and poſtilions, knowing that the traveller depends intirely upon them, are the more negligent and remiſs in their duty, as well as the more encouraged to inſolence and impoſition. Indeed the ſtranger ſeems to be left intirely at the mercy of thoſe fellows, except in large towns, where he may have recourſe to the magiſtrate or commanding officer. The poſt ſtands very often by itſelf in a lone country ſituation, or in a paultry village, where the poſt-maſter is the principal inhabitant; and in ſuch a caſe, if you ſhould be ill-treated, by being ſupplied with bad horſes; if you ſhould be delayed on frivolous pretences, in order to extort money; if the poſtilions ſhould drive at a waggon pace, with a view to provoke your impatience; or ſhould

you

you in any ſhape be inſulted by them or their maſters; I know not any redreſs you can have, except by a formal complaint to the comptroller of the poſts, who is generally one of the miniſters of ſtate, and pays little or no regard to any ſuch repreſentations. I know an Engliſh gentleman, the brother of an earl, who wrote a letter of complaint to the Duc de Villars, governor of Provence, againſt the poſt-maſter of Antibes, who had inſulted and impoſed upon him. The duke anſwered his letter, promiſing to take order that the grievance ſhould be redreſſed; and never thought of it after. Another great inconvenience which attends poſting in France, is that if you are retarded by any accident, you cannot in many parts of the kingdom find a lodging, without perhaps travelling two or three poſts farther than you would chooſe to go, to the prejudice of your health, and even the hazard of your life; whereas, on any part of the poſt-road in England, you will meet with tolerable accommodation at every ſtage. Through the whole ſouth of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, diſmal, and dirty; the landlords

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landlords equally diſobliging and rapacious; the ſervants aukward, ſluttiſh, and ſlothful; and the poſtilions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: if you chaſtiſe them with ſword, cane, cudgel, or horſe-whip, they will either diſappear entirely, and leave you without reſource; or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The beſt method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourſelf to become the dupe of impoſition, and ſtimulate their endeavours by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a reſolution (and kept it) to give no more than four and twenty ſols per poſt between the two poſtilions; but I am now perſuaded that for three-pence a poſt more, I ſhould have been much better ſerved, and ſhould have performed the journey with much greater pleaſure. We met with no adventures upon the road worth reciting. The firſt day we were retarded above two hours by the dutcheſs D—lle, and her ſon the duc de R—f—t, who by virtue of an

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order from the miniſter, had anticipated all the horſes at the poſt. They accoſted my ſervant, and aſked if his maſter was a lord? He thought proper to anſwer in the affirmative; upon which the duke declared that he muſt certainly be of French extraction, inaſmuch as he obſerved the lillies of France in his arms on the coach. This young nobleman ſpoke a little Engliſh. He aſked whence we had come; and underſtanding we had been in Italy, deſired to know whether the man liked France or Italy beſt? Upon his giving France the preference, he clapped him on the ſhoulder, and ſaid he was a lad of good taſte. The dutcheſs aſked if her ſon ſpoke Engliſh well, and ſeemed mightily pleaſed when my man aſſured her he did. They were much more free and condeſcending with my ſervant than with myſelf; for, though we ſaluted them in paſſing, and were even ſuppoſed to be perſons of quality, they did not open their lips, while we ſtood cloſe by them at the inn-door, till their horſes were changed. They were going to Geneva; and their equipage conſiſted of three coaches,

and

and fix, with five domeſtics a horſeback. The dutcheſs was a tall, thin, raw-boned woman, with her head cloſe ſhaved. This delay obliged us to lie two poſts ſhort of Macon, at a ſolitary auberge called Maiſon Blanche, which had nothing white about it, but the name. The Lionnois is one of the moſt agreeable and beſt cultivated countries I ever beheld, diverſified with hill, dale, wood, and water, laid out in extenſive corn-fields and rich meadows, well ſtocked with black cattle; and adorned with a ſurpriſing number of towns, villages, villas, and convents, generally ſituated on the brows of gently ſwelling hills, ſo that they appear to the greateſt advantage. What contributes in a great meaſure to the beauty of this, and the Maconnois, is the charming paſtoral Soame, which from the city of Chalons winds its ſilent courſe ſo ſmooth and gentle, that one can ſcarce diſcern which way its current flows. It is this placid appearance that tempts ſo many people to bathe in it at Lions, where a good number of individuals are drowned every ſummer: whereas there is no inſtance

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of any perſons thus periſhing in the Rhone, the rapidity of it deterring every body from bathing in its ſtream. Next night we paſſed at Beaune, where we found nothing good but the wine, for which we paid forty ſols the bottle. At Chalons our axle-tree took fire; an accident which detained us ſo long, that it was ten before we arrived at Auxerre, where we lay. In all probability we muſt have lodged in the coach, had not we been content to take four horſes, and pay for ſix, two poſts ſucceſſively. The alternative was, either to proceed with four on thoſe terms, or ſtay till the other horſes ſhould come in and be refreſhed. In ſuch an emergency, I would adviſe the traveller to put up with the four, and he will find the poſtilions ſo much upon their mettle, that thoſe ſtages will be performed ſooner than the others in which you have the full complement.

There was an Engliſh gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I ſent my compliments, with offers of ſervice; but his ſervant told my man that he did not chooſe to ſee any company, and had no occaſion for

my

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my service. This sort of reserve seems peculiar to the English disposition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas two Englishmen in the same situation maintain a mutual reserve and diffidence, and keep without the sphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulsive power. We only stopped to change horses at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, which is a venerable old city, but we passed part of a day at Sens, and visited a manufacture of that stuff we call Manchester velvet, which is here made and dyed to great perfection, under the direction of English workmen, who have been seduced from their own country. At Fontainbleau, we went to see the palace, or, as it is called, the castle, which though an irregular pile of building, affords a great deal of lodging, and contains some very noble apartments, particularly the hall of audience, with the king's and queen's chambers, upon which

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the ornaments of carving and gilding are laviſhed with profuſion rather than propriety. Here are ſome rich parterres of flower-garden, and a noble orangerie, which however we did not greatly admire, after having lived among the natural orange groves of Italy. Hitherto we had enjoyed fine ſummer weather, and I found myſelf ſo well, that I imagined my health was interely reſtored: but betwixt Fontainebleau and Paris, we were overtaken by a black ſtorm of rain, ſleet, and hail, which ſeemed to reinſtate winter in all its rigour; for the cold weather continues to this day. There was no reſiſting this attack. I caught cold immediately; and this was reinforced at Paris, where I ſtayed but three days. The ſame man, (Paſcal Sellier, rüe Guenegaud fauxbourg St. Germain) who owned the coach that brought us from Lyons, ſupplied me with a returned berline to Boulogne, for ſix louidores, and we came hither by eaſy journeys. The firſt night we lodged at Breteuil, where we found an elegant inn, and very good accommodation. But the next we were forced

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forced to take up our quarters, at the houſe where we had formerly paſſed a very diſagreeable night at Abbeville. I am now in tolerable lodging, where I ſhall remain a few weeks, merely for the ſake of a little repoſe; then I ſhall gladly tempt that invidious ſtraight which ſtill divides you from

Yours &c.

FINIS.

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A

REGISTER

OF THE

WEATHER.

Kept at Nice from November 1763 to March 1765.

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THERMOMETERS used in keeping the following REGISTER.

ONE of mercury, conſtructed after the manner of Reaumur, having on the ſcale 10 degrees from ice to temperate, 20 degrees ſilk-worm heat, boiling-water 80 degrees. The exceſſive heat at Paris 1707, at 35 degrees.

One of ſpirit of wine, conſtructed by Chateauneuf, graduated in the ſame manner. The ſpirit in this Thermometer riſes at Senegal to 38, in France very rarely to 30, and in Peru, under the line, very ſeldom above 25.

They were placed in the ſhade, in a room without a fire, in a ſoutherly expoſition; and the obſervations made between ten and eleven in the forenoon.

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THE town of Nice is ſituated in the bay of Antibes, latitude forty-three degrees, forty minutes north; eaſt longitude from London, ſeven degrees, twenty-five minutes, æquidiſtant from Marſeilles, Genoa, and Turin, that is about ninety Engliſh miles. The north wind blows over the maritime Alps, at the feet of which the town is ſituated; the ſouth from Cape Bona, on the coaſt of Barbary, ſweeping the iſlands of Sardinia and Corſica in its paſſage; the eaſt from the Riviera of Genoa; and the weſt from Provence.

The town of Nice is wedged between a ſteep rock to the eaſtward, and the river Paglion, which waſhes the walls upon the weſt, and falls into the Mediterranean, within thirty yards of the corner baſtion.

This river is but a ſcanty ſtream, fed chiefly by the melting of the ſnow upon the mountains. It is ſometimes ſwelled to a great depth by ſudden torrents: but in the ſummer it is uſually dry.

The town of Nice is built of ſtone, and the ſtreets are narrow. It is ſaid to contain twelve thouſand inhabitants, in which caſe they muſt be much crowded, for the place is but ſmall. There is a bridge of three arches over the Paglion, which is the entrance from the ſide

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of Provence. Nice is ſurrounded on this ſide by a wall and rampart of no ſtrength: on the other ſide, it is commanded by a high rock, on which appear the ruins of an old caſtle, which was once deemed impregnable. It was taken and diſmantled by Marechal Catinat, in the reign of Victor Amadeus, father to the preſent king of Sardinia. To the eaſtward of this rock is the harbour of Nice, in which there is not depth of water ſufficient for ſhips of any burthen. The hills begin to riſe about a ſhort mile from the north gate of the town. The Var falls into the ſea about four miles to the weſtward; and is fordable at the village of St. Laurent, which ſtands on the French ſide near the mouth of the river. The ſpace between the Var and Nice is a ſucceſſion of agreeable eminences, adorned with a great number of white houſes or caſſines, ſurrounded by plantations of olives, vines, oranges, lemons, and citrons. The air of Nice is pure and penetrating, yet mild, generally dry, and elaſtic; and the ſky is remarkably clear and ſerene. The well-water is moſtly hard, but not unwholeſome; and there are ſome ſprings both in the town and neighbourhood, which are ſurprizingly cool, limpid, and agreeable.

REGISTER

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REGISTER
OF THE
WEATHER.

November 1763.

FROM the 23d to the end fair weather, wind northerly—Mornings frosty—Evenings sharp—Sun at noon, warm, sky serene.

December.

First week, squalls and rain, wind southerly.

Fifth blew fresh, wind south-west.

From the 5th to the end of the month fair weather, wind shifting from north to east—Sun at noon warm—Mornings and evenings frosty and sharp, distant mountains covered with snow—Green-peas, and all sorts of sallad, pinks, roses, July flowers, ranunculas, anemonies, all the winter, blowing.

January 1764.

First week rain and squalls, wind southerly.

Second week, weather cloudy, wind southerly.

Remaining part of the month fair weather, clear sky, wind north-east—Mornings and evenings sharp, snow on the distant hills, almond trees in blossom.

February.

From the 1st to the 25th fine weather, clear sky, mild and warm in the day, wind easterly, sharp and piercing in the evening. Snow on the distant hills. Almonds, peaches, and apricots in blossom.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	
Feb.			
25	4	6	Wind north-weſt, blows freſh, weather cold.
26	4	6	—— north-weſt, blows freſh, air ſharp, fair weather.
27	4	6	—— eaſt, weather cloudy—Evening, air ſharp and froſty.
28	4	6	—— north, air cold, weather cloudy—Afternoon, wind ſouth, mizzling rain.
29	6	9	—— north, air cold—Afternoon, wind ſouth-eaſt, mizzling rain—At night, heavy rain.
Mar.			
1	$2\frac{1}{2}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$	—— ſouth-weſt, air ſharp—Afternoon, wind ſouth, blows freſh.
2	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	—— ſouth eaſt, weather calm and cloudy.
3	2	5	—— north by weſt, weather raw and cloudy—Afternoon, rain—Much rain in the night.
4	4	7	—— ſouth, weather calm and cloudy.
5	6	9	—— ſouth-eaſt, weather fair and calm.
6	6	9	—— eaſt, weather fair and calm, air ſharp.
7	$4\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	—— eaſt, weather cloudy, ſome rain, air cold, heavy rain in the night.
8	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	—— north by eaſt, rain and ſquales, air cold and raw.
9	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	—— north-weſt, weather cloudy and calm—Hail in the night.

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10	1½	4	Wind ſouth-weſt, weather cloudy, gleams of ſun-ſhine.
11	1½	4	—— north north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe.
12	1½	4	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees at noon.
13	1½	4	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees at noon.
14	1½	4	—— ſouth-weſt, calm and cloudy—Afternoon, clear ſky—Evening, guſts of wind at eaſt.
15	4½	7	—— ſouth-weſt, calm fair weather—Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
16	4	6½	—— eaſt, calm fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
17	5½	8	—— north-north-weſt, calm fair weather, clear ſky—At noon, the mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees.
18	5½	8	—— eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky, little wind—Afternoon, the mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees.
19	7	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, little wind—At noon, mercury and ſpirit riſe two degrees.
20	7	9	—— ſouth, ſouth-eaſt, rain, cloudy, calm.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. mere. deg. above, Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
21	6	8	Wind north, cloudy mizzling rain, cold and raw, ſnow upon the diſtant hills.
22	6½	9	—— eaſt, gleams of ſun-ſhine.
23	7	10	—— ſouth-weſt, fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, cloudy—Heavy rain at night, ſome thunder, hills on each ſide of the Var covered with ſnow.
24	5	7	—— north, weather cloudy, and calm.
25	5½	7½	—— north, cloudy, gleams of ſun-ſhine, calm.
26	7	9½	—— north-north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
27	6½	8½	—— north-north-eaſt, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
28	9	11	—— eaſterly, a freſh breeze, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy—Evening, ſome rain.
29	8	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather } remarkably clear ſky, ſun warm, mercury and ſpirit riſe three degrees about noon.
30	9	11	—— eaſt, fair weather
31	8½	10½	—— eaſt, fair weather
Apr. 1	9	10½	—— ſouth-eaſt fair weather, eclipſe of the ſun, at 9 hour 25 min. ended at 12 hour 29 min. its breadth 9 digits, 46 min.

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2	9	11	Wind eaſterly, fair weather }
3	9	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather } remarkably clear ſky, ſun hot.
4	10	11½	—— eaſterly, fair weather }
5	11	12	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
6	12	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, calm and cloudy—At five, wind ſouth, a freſh breeze, ſprinkling drops of rain.
7	9½	11	—— eaſterly, almoſt calm, rainy weather.
8	8½	10	—— eaſterly, almoſt calm, rain.
9	8½	10½	—— ſoutherly, cloudy weather, ſhowers—Afternoon heavy rain, mercury and ſpirit fell 2 degrees, ſnow upon the diſtant hills.
10	7½	10	—— ſoutherly, fair weather—Afternoon, blows freſh, air cold—Heavy rain in the night, ſnow on the hills.
11	7	9	—— northerly, heavy ſhowers in the morning—At noon, blows freſh, ſky watery, ſnow on the hills.
12	7	9	—— north-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky watery.
13	10	11½	—— eaſterly, fair weather,
14	10	11½	—— weſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp.
15	10¼	12	—— eaſterly, blows freſh, fair weather, air ſharp
16	10½	12	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, little wind in the morning—At noon, ſqually, at ſouth-ſouth-weſt, blows hard at night.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
17	12	14	Wind ſouth-weſt, blows freſh, fair weather, ſky clear—At noon, calm—At five in the afternoon, ſudden ſqualls, which continued at ſhort intervals all night.
18	12½	15	—— weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
19	12	13½	—— weſterly, blows freſh, clear ſky, warm.
20	12½	13½	—— ſoutherly, clear ſky, warm, little wind—Orange harveſt.
21	11½	13	—— ſouth-eaſt, fair weather, ſky a little cloudy, air ſharp, little wind.
22	11	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
23	9	10½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, clear ſky.
24	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp, ſnow on the diſtant hills.
25	9½	11	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Wind riſes like the ſea breeze in Jamaica, about nine in the morning, and ſubſides about four or five in the afternoon.
26	9½	11	—— eaſterly, calm, cloudy—Ripe ſtrawberries, wheat in the ear, rye ſeven or eight feet high.
27	9	10½	—— northerly, blows freſh, air ſharp—About noon ſprinkling ſhowers, dark, cloudy weather—Afternoon fair weather, wind eaſterly, ſnow on the diſtant hills.

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28	8	10	—— easterly, fair weather, air sharp—Strawberries in the market.
29	9	11	—— easterly, fair weather, air sharp, clear sky.
30	8½	10½	—— easterly, sky cloudy—Sprinkling rain at noon—Afternoon and evening,
May			fair weather—Wheat in the ear.
1	9½	11	—— easterly, fair weather, air warm, clear sky.
2	10	11½	—— easterly, fair mild weather, snow still upon the mountains, clear sky.
3	10½	11½	—— south-west, fair weather—The mercury in the thermometer at four in
			the afternoon, risen to 14—Clear sky—Ripe cherries.
4	11	12	—— south-west, fair weather, sun warm, clear sky—Orange and lemon
			trees covered with blossoms.
5	11	13	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, mercury continues to rise.
6	12½	13	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky—Some ripe figs.
7	14	14	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
8	14	14	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
9	14½	16	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, clear sky.
10	14	14½	—— south-east, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
11	13	13½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky.
12	13	13½	—— easterly, fair weather, sky a little cloudy.
13	13	13½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky, sun hot.
14	14	14½	—— easterly, fair weather, clear sky—Afternoon, cloudy, some drops of rain.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
15	14	14½	Wind eaſterly, ſky cloudy.
16	14½	14½	—— eaſterly, ſky cloudy—Afternoon, ſome drops of rain.
17	13½	14	—— eaſterly, rain all day—Heavy ſhowers in the night.
18	13½	14	—— ſouth-weſt, cloudy—Rain in the night.
19	12	13	—— eaſterly, cloudy.
20	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy, olive trees in bloſſom.
21	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſky cloudy.
22	13	13½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky—Afternoon, the mercury roſe to 16, ſpirit to 17.
23	14	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
24	15½	16	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
25	16	16½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—Plump ſhower at ſeven in the evening.
26	17	17	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot.
27	17	17½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—In the afternoon, the mercury and ſpirit up at 20 degrees, being the heat of ſilk worms.
28	17	17½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun hot—Afternoon, cloudy.

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29	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather—Evening, cloudy—Silk worms weaving.
30	17	17½	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
31	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather—At noon, a little rain.
June			
1	16	16¼	—— easterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind southerly, a fresh gale.
2	15½	16	—— easterly, fair weather—Season for winding the cocons of silk.
3	15	15	—— easterly, plump shower at four in the morning—Forenoon, fair weather.
4	15¼	15½	—— easterly, fair weather—Evening, cloudy.
5	15	15¼	—— southerly, sky cloudy—Afternoon, sprinkling rain.
6	14¾	15	—— easterly, fair weather.
7	13½	14	—— easterly, fair weather.
8	14	14½	—— easterly, fair weather.
9	14¾	15	—— easterly, fair weather—Pears and plumbs in the market.
10	15½	16	—— easterly, fair weather.
11	16¼	16½	—— easterly, fair weather.
12	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather—Corn ripe.
13	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, }
14	19	19	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, } refreshing breezes.
15	19½	19	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot, }
16	18½	18½	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot—Ripe figs and apricots.
17	18	18	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
18	19½	19	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot, vermin troubleſome.
19	19¾	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot—Removed to a country houſe within half a league of Nice.
20	20	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather, the two thermometers in the ſhade, the front of the houſe, expoſed to the eaſt and ſouth-eaſt.
21	21	21	—— eaſterly, ſky cloudy, ſun hot.
22	23	23¼	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
23	23½	23¼	—— eaſterly, fair weather, great heat.
24	23½	23¼	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	23	22	—— eaſterly, weather a little cloudy, ſun hot, refreſhing breeze.
26	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
27	22½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
28	22½	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breeze.
29	24½	24	—— eaſterly, freſh gale—At three in the afternoon the mercury up at 29½, the ſpirit at 29, heat exceſſive.
30	22	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot, returned to hy houſe at Nice.

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Jul. 1	21½	21	——	easterly, fair weather } warm.
2	22	21½	——	easterly, fair weather }
3	22½	21⅚	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot—Afternoon, plump showers, mercury fallen to 18 ⅓, spirit to 18—Rain in the night
4	19	19	——	northerly, cloudy—Evening, showers.
5	18	18	——	easterly, fair weather—Season for the anchovy fishery.
6	18	18	——	easterly, fair weather.
7	19	19	——	easterly, fair weather.
8	18½	18	——	easterly, fair weather—In the evening, sprinkling rain.
9	19	18½	——	northerly, cloudy.
10	19½	19	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot—At night a little sprinkling rain.
11	20	19½	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
12	19	19	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
13	20	19½	——	south, fair weather, at noon mercury rose to 24½
14	21½	20½	——	westerly, fair weather, sun hot—Ripe peaches, and apples.
15	20	19½	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
16	20	19½	——	southerly, fair weather, sun hot.
17	20	19½	——	easterly, sun hot
18	19	18⅚	——	easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
19	20	19½	——	easterly, sky a little cloudy.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
20	20	19½	Wind eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
21	21	20½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot, ripe water melons from Antibes.
22	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, very hot.
23	22½	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, very hot—Thunder in the night.
24	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, refreſhing breezes—At two in the afternoon the mercury roſe to 26½.
25	24	23	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot.
26	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
27	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, wind weſterly.
28	23	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather ſun hot.
29	22½	21½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſultry.
30	28	22	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun very hot, ripe grapes.—The mercury roſe at one to 26, the ſpirit to 25.
31	23	22	—— eaſterly, cloudy—Sprinkling ſhowers at noon.
Aug. 1	22	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Some thunder in the afternoon.
2	22½	22	—— ſouth-weſt, a freſh breeze, fair weather—Afternoon, wind increaſes, ſultry hot, the mercury and ſpirit in the thermometer riſe to 31.

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3	23	22	—— easterly, fair weather, sun hot.
4	22	21	—— easterly, fair weather.
5	21	20	—— easterly, fair weather.
6	21	20	—— easterly, fair weather.
7	21	20	—— southerly, fair weather, a fresh breeze.
8	21	20	—— southerly, fresh breeze, cloudy weather—Hard gale in the night at south-west.
9	22	21	—— south-west, a fresh breeze.
10	22	21	—— easterly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
11	21	20	—— north-west, cloudy—Forenoon, mizzling rain—Squalls in the evening.
12	21	20	—— west, fair weather.
13	21	20	—— east, fair weather.
14	21	20	—— east, fair weather.
15	20	19	—— east, fair weather.
16	20	19	—— east, fair weather—Noon, weather cloudy, wind north-west.
17	20	19	—— east, fair weather.
18	20	19	—— east, fair weather.
19	19	18	—— easterly, cloudy—At noon, a sudden squall, with a little rain, wind south-west, snow on the distant hills.
20	19	18	—— easterly, fair weather.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
21	18	18	Wind weſterly, fair weather.
22	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	19	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
24	19	18½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
25	19½	19	—— eaſterly, fair weather—In the evening, cloſe and cloudy.
26	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Evening, cloudy.
27	20	19½	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Evening, cloſe and cloudy.
28	20½	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Evening, cloudy.
29	20½	20	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
30	21	20½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
31	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
Sep 1	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
2	21½	21	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
3	22	21½	—— eaſterly, freſh breeze, cloudy—Afternoon, ſprinkling rain—In the night, thunder and lightning.
4	21	20	—— north-eaſt—Morning, thunder ſhowers—Forenoon, fair weather.
5	22	21	—— eaſterly—Morning, ſome clouds—Afternoon, wind weſterly, cloudy.

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6	20½	20	—— easterly, morning ſome clouds—Afternoon, fair weather.
7	19	18	—— easterly, fair weather, ſun hot.
8	20	19	—— easterly, fair weather.
9	19½	19	—— easterly, fair weather.
10	19	19	—— ſoutherly, fair weather—Afternoon, easterly wind, evening cloudy.
11	20	19½	—— easterly, fair weather.
12	20½	20	—— easterly, fair weather.
13	21	20½	—— easterly, fair weather.
14	20	19	—— easterly, cloudy—At noon, ſome rain, wind weſterly—in the night, ſome rain and thunder.
15	20	19	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
16	20	19	—— weſterly, fair weather.
17	19	18	—— weſterly, very high—Afternoon, mercury 20, ſpirit of wine 19, rain.
18	17	17	—— easterly, fair weather.
19	15½	15½	—— easterly, cloudy.
20	15	15	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
21	14½	15	—— easterly, cloudy.
22	15	15	—— easterly, fair weather.
23	15	15	—— weſterly, fair weather.
24	15	15	—— easterly, fair weather.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
25	15	15	Wind eaſterly, very high, fair weather.
26	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
27	14	14 ½	—— weſterly, fair weather.
28	15	15	—— weſterly, fair weather.
29	13	13 ½	—— weſterly, rain.
30	9	10	—— eaſterly, fair weather, ſnow upon the mountains.
Oct 1	8	9 ½	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, weſterly wind, very high.
2	9	10	—— weſterly, fair weather.
3	11	11	—— weſterly, fair weather.
4	12	12	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
5	11	18	—— ſoutherly, cloudy weather.
6	13 ½	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
7	13 ½	14	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
8	13	14	—— ſoutherly, cloudy—Afternoon ſmall rain, vintage begun.
9	15	15	—— ſoutherly, fair weather.
10	15	15	—— eaſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy, ſome drops of rain.
11	14	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.

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12	15	15	—— weſterly, fair weather.
13	14½	14	—— weſterly, cloudy—Afternoon, ſouth wind—Night, rain, ſouth wind, very high.
14	13	14	—— ſouth, cloudy.
15	12½	13	—— ſoutherly, rain.
16	12	13	—— weſterly, cloudy.
17	12	13	—— weſterly, cloudy.
18	13	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
19	12	12½	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
20	12½	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
21	12½	13	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
22	13½	14	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
23	12½	15	—— weſterly, fair weather—Afternoon, mercury 11½, heavy rain, northerly wind.
24	8	9½	—— northerly, cloudy.
25	8	10	—— northerly, clear ſky, ſharp air.
26	10½	11½	—— northerly, clear ſky.
27	7	8	—— northerly, ſky cloudy, air cold.
28	5½	7	—— north-eaſt, ſky cloudy, air cold.
29	7½	9	—— north-eaſt, ſky clear, air very ſharp.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. Spirit deg. above Ice.	
30	5	7	Wind north, ſky clear, air very ſharp.
31	5½	7½	—— eaſt, ſky cloudy, air ſharp, oil harveſt begins.
Nov.			
1	5	7	—— north, ſky cloudy, air cold.
2	8	10	—— north-eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm, } little wind.
3	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm. } little wind.
4	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, ſun warm. } little wind.
5	7½	9	—— north, fair weather, ſun warm.
6	9	10½	Little wind, eaſt, fair weather, ſun warm.
7	7	9	Wind weſt, blows freſh, ſky cloudy.
8	10	11½	—— north, fair weather, ſun warm.
9	7	9	—— eaſt, cloudy in the forenoon—Afternoon, fair weather.
10	7	9	—— north, cloudy.
11	7	9	—— eaſt, fair weather.
12	8½	10	—— eaſt, cloudy.
13	10	11½	—— eaſt, fine weather—Squalls of wind at night.
14	8	9½	—— north-eaſt, fine weather.

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15	7	9	—— north, fair weather, afternoon cloudy.
16	5½	7	—— north, mizzling rain—Heavy rain all night.
17	4	6	—— north-weſt—Rain all day and in the night, ſnow on the mountains.
18	5½	7	—— eaſt, blows freſh, cloudy, with ſhowers—Heavy rain in the night.
19	6	8	—— north-weſt, cloudy, with ſhowers—At night heavy rain.
20	5½	7	—— north-weſt, cloudy, ſhowers—Heavy rain in the night.
21	5	7	—— north-weſt, cloudy.
22	4½	5½	—— weſterly, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather—Evening overcaſt.
23	4	5	—— weſterly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, rain.
24	3	4½	—— eaſterly—Heavy rain all day and all night.
25	3	4½	—— north, heavy rain all day, ſnow on the mountains.
26	3½	5	—— north, ſhowers, interſperſed with gleams of ſunſhine—Heavy rain in the night.
27	3½	5	—— eaſterly, heavy ſhowers—Afternoon, fair weather.
28	3½	5½	—— eaſterly, fair weather, clear ſky.
29	3½	5½	—— north-weſt, cloudy.
30	2½	3½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky.
Dec.			
1	4	6	—— eaſt, fair weather, clear ſky.
2	2½	4	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	
3	3	5	Wind north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather, clear ſky.
4	3	4½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
5	2½	4½	—— north, fair weather, clear ſky, air ſharp.
6	3	5	—— north, cloudy, high wind in the night.
7	3	5	—— eaſt, ſqualls and rain—Afternoon, windy.
8	2½	4	—— north-weſt, clear weather.
9	3	5	—— north, clear weather.
10	3	5	—— north, fair weather.
11	2	5	—— weſt, rain in the forenoon—Afternoon, fair weather.
12	2	4	—— north, fair weather, air ſharp.
13	2½	5	—— north, fair weather.
14	2	5	—— north, fair weather.
15	2	5	—— north-eaſt, cloudy—Evening, ſome rain.
16	2	5	—— north-eaſt, heavy rain and thunder at three in the morning—Forenoon cloudy.
17	2	4½	—— north-weſt, fair weather, air cold.
18	2	3½	—— north, fair weather, air cold.

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19	1 1/2	4	northerly, cloudy, air ſharp.
20	1	3 1/2	north-eaſt, mizzling rain.
21	1	3 1/2	north-weſt, mizzling rain.
22	1/2	3 1/2	north-weſt, weather damp and cloudy.
23	1	4	eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather—Rain in the night.
24	1	4	northerly, cloudy, damp weather.
25	1 1/2	5	eaſterly, cloudy, damp weather—Heavy rain in the night.
26	1 1/2	5	northerly, cloudy, damp weather—Heavy rain in the afternoon and evening.
27	1 1/2	4 1/2	northerly, fair weather.
28	1 1/2	4 1/2	northerly, cloudy.
29	1 1/2	4 1/2	northerly, cloudy—Mizzling rain in the evening.
30	1 3/4	5	eaſterly—Forenoon, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
31	2	6	eaſterly, cloudy weather.
1765			
Jan 1	2 3/4	5 1/2	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, mizzling rain.
2	3	6	eaſterly, cloudy weather—Rain at noon—Heavy rain all the afternoon and night.
3	4	6	ſouth-eaſt, cloudy—Heavy rain, with ſome thunder in the afternoon and evening.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above 0.	Chateauneuf's ther spirit deg. above 0.	
4	2½	5	Wind north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
5	2	4½	—— north, fair weather.
6	2	4½	—— north, cloudy—Afternoon, fair weather.
7	2	5	—— north, cloudy—ſprinkling ſhower at one in the afternoon.
8	2½	5½	—— north, heavy rain at four in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy—Mizzling rain at noon.
9	2	5	—— eaſt, rain in the morning and forenoon.
10	2½	5½	—— eaſt, cloudy weather—Gleams of ſunſhine in the afternoon.
11	3	5½	—— north-weſt, cloudy weather—Mizzling rain in the afternooon.
12	2	5	—— eaſterly, clear weather.
13	3	5½	—— eaſterly, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.
14	3	5½	—— eaſterly, heavy rain, with ſqualls at three in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, heavy continued rain.
15	2½	5	—— eaſterly, fair weather.
16	3	5½	—— north, fair weather—At night, mizzling ſhowers, } great fall of
17	3	5½	—— eaſt, cloudy weather—Afternoon and evening, heavy rain, } ſnow on the
18	3	5½	—— north, cloudy weather, } mountains.

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19	3	5½	—— north, fair weather, } air sharp.
20	3	5½	—— north, fair weather, }
21	2½	5	—— north, fair weather, }
22	3	5½	—— easterly, blows fresh and cold, cloudy weather.
23	2	4½	—— northerly, heavy rain.
24	2	4½	—— northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon, rain.
25	1½	4	—— east, rainy weather—Evening, fair.
26	1½	4	—— north-east, blows fresh, heavy rain.
27	3	5	—— easterly, fair weather.
28	3	5	—— north, fair weather in the forenoon—Cloudy in the afternoon.
29	3	5½	—— north, fair weather.
30	4	6	—— east, fair weather.
31	4	6	—— east, cloudy—Afternoon, mizzling rain.
Feb.			
1	3	5	—— north-west, mizzling rain, full of snow on the neighbouring mountains.
2	2½	4	—— north, cloudy.
3	1	3½	—— easterly, cloudy and cold.
4	½	3	—— easterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon, rain.
5	0	2½	—— north, morning squally, cloudy weather, mizzling rain.
6	0	2½	—— north, fair weather—Evening, rain, heavy rain in the night.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateau-neuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	
7	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	Wind north, cloudy, with gleams of ſunſhine.
8	$\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—— north, fair weather.
9	1	4	—— north, cloudy—Afternoon, clear.
10	1	4	—— north, cloudy, a ſprinkling rain.
11	$\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—— north-weſt, fair weather—Afternoon, cloudy.
12	$1\frac{1}{2}$	4	—— north-weſt, fair weather.
13	1	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—— north, fair weather.
14	1	$3\frac{1}{2}$	—— ſouth-eaſt, cloudy—Evening, ſprinkling rain.
15	0	3	—— eaſt, cloudy and cold—Snow on the neighbouring hills.
16	1 deg. bel. ice	2	—— north, dark and cold, with ſome ſleet—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
17	3 ——	0	—— north—Morning, clear weather, air cold—Afternoon, overcaſt, rain and ſleet—Heavy rain in the night—Snow in the neighbourhood of Nice.
18	3 ——	0	—— north, cloudy, cold.
19	2 ——	2	—— north, cloudy, cold—Afternoon, evening, and night, heavy rain.
20	2 ——	2	—— northerly, heavy rain—Afternoon, fair.

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21	2	2	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon clear.
22	0	4	northerly, cloudy weather—Afternoon and night, heavy rain with some thunder.
23	0	3½	northerly cloudy,
24	½	3½	north-east, clear weather, } Evenings, fog on the mountains.
25	1	5	north-east, fine weather, } Evenings, fog on the mountains.
26	2½	5½	north-east, fine weather, } Evenings, fog on the mountains.
27	3	6	easterly, fine weather—Afternoon, cloudy—Rain all night.
28	3	5½	easterly, rain all day and all night, with some thunder.
Mar.			
1	2	4½	southerly, rain.
2	1½	4½	northerly, fair weather, air sharp.
3	3	5½	north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
4	2½	4½	north-east, fair weather, air sharp.
5	3	5½	north-east, fair weather—A little rain in the night.
6	3	5½	easterly, mizzling rain.
7	3	5½	north-west, rain, and cloudy weather.
8	3½	6	easterly, cloudy weather in the morning, clears up at noon.
9	4½	7	westerly, fair weather—Afternoon, showers—Heavy rain in the night.
10	4	6	north-west, heavy rain all day.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	Chateauneuf's ther. spirit deg. above Ice.	
11	3	5½	Wind north-west, blows fresh, clear weather.
12	3½	6½	—— north-west, blows fresh, cloudy—Rain in the night.
13	4	6½	—— southerly, rainy weather.
14	4	6	—— southerly, fair weather.
15	5	7	—— southerly, cloudy weather.
16	5	7	—— easterly, fair weather.
17	6½	8½	—— easterly, clouds and sunshine
18	7	9	—— easterly, fair weather—Afternoon, overcast.
19	7½	9½	—— easterly, cloudy—Afternoon and evening, heavy rain.
20	7	9	—— easterly, cloudy—Afternoon, a little rain.
21	7	9	—— north-east, cloudy.
22	7	9	—— easterly, fair weather.
23	7	9	—— easterly, fair weather.
24	8	10	—— easterly, clouds and sunshine.
25	8	10	—— easterly, cloudy.
26	8	10	—— easterly, fair weather.
27	8	10	—— easterly, clouds and sunshine.
28	8½	11	——

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28	8½	11	— easterly, fair weather.
29	9½	11o	— easterly, fair weather—Evening, high wind at west.
30	9	11o	— westerly, blows fresh.
31	9	11o	— northerly, fair weather, fresh breeze.
Apr. 1			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
2			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
3			— easterly, cloudy, air sharp.
4			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
5			— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
6			— south-east, fair weather, air sharp.
7			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
8			— south-east, fair weather, a fresh breeze, air cold.
9			— easterly, fair weather.
10			— easterly, fresh breeze, fair weather—Evening, high wind at south-west.
11			— south-west, fresh breeze, fair weather.
12			— southerly, fresh breeze, fair weather.
13			— easterly, fair weather, air sharp.
14			— easterly, cloudy weather.

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REGISTER of the WEATHER.

Day of the month.	Chateau-neuf's ther. ſpirit deg. above Ice.	Reaumur's thermom. merc. deg. above Ice.	
15			Wind eaſterly, fair weather.
16			—— eaſterly, fair weather.
17			—— eaſterly, cloudy and cold—Afternoon, ſprinkling rain—A fall of ſnow in the night upon the mountains.
18			—— eaſterly, fair weather, air cold.
19			—— eaſterly, fair weather, air ſharp.
20			—— eaſterly, ſhowers.
21			—— eaſterly, ſprinkling ſhowers.
22			—— eaſterly, at five in the morning a ſtorm of thunder, hail, and heavy rain—A fall of ſnow on the mountains.
23			—— eaſterly, at four in the morning rain—Forenoon, cloudy.
24			—— eaſterly, rain in the morning—Forenoon, cloudy.

FINIS.

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